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NEUTRAL PEACE MOVE

SUDDENLY, with no prior publicity, King Leopold paid a midnight visit on Monday to Queen Wilhemina of Holland. The Foreign Ministers of the two countries were present. The result was an offer of mediation and an earnest appeal to belligerent Powers to make peace "before the war breaks out in Western Europe in all its violence." Its rather vague phrasing suggests that what the two sovereigns had in view was that they should ascertain from each side its minimum terms. This appeal voiced a general desire among all the neutrals that the war should end; behind it there doubtless also worked an acute fear that Germany intends very soon to violate the neutrality of one or both of these kingdoms in order to gain air-bases for use against us and another route for the invasion of France. Belgium and Holland may have been influenced not merely by the alarming concentration of troops near their frontiers, but also by a more explicit threat from Hitler. There is, however, no confirmation at present of the report of a German Note (said to have been delivered to Belgium last Saturday) declaring that Germany would take it as an "unfriendly act" if Belgium entered into any new commitments, even if they were purely defensive. The allusion may have been to the treaty for mutual defence which the two neighbours are believed to have concluded very recently. The Belgian reply, according to the same report, was cautious. Whether these German threats are serious remains to be seen: they may have been merely a turn of the screw designed to evoke some action by the two intimidated neutrals in favour of peace.

The Allies have still to consider their answer, which ought to be positive and constructive. Presumably the tone, if not the words, of a finely phrased broadcast by Lord Halifax, gave the clue to the probable reply of the British Government. It will not compromise with "the supreme dishonour" of which the German Government was guilty in Poland. We are fighting to maintain "the rule of law and the quality of mercy . . . these saving graces of our earthly commonwealth." Lord Halifax went on to hint at some measure of sympathy in his own mind for the idea of a European Federation, but stipulated that it must "freely spring from the will of the peoples" and not from one people alone. We should infer that M. Daladier has not blessed the idea.

Hope in the Air

The only interesting military event of a calm week was a battle in the air between nine French fighter planes and twenty-seven German machines of the same type. The French, according to the official report, brought down nine of the enemy without suffering any loss themselves. There can be little scope for error in this report, since seven of the German planes fell on French soil. The inference would seem to be that French machines have now a great superiority in manoeuvring capacity over German fighters. This is a new fact that may upset all the reckonings, based on numbers, with which the Germans went into this war and which are now in any case out of date with the despatch of American planes to Britain. The only other news of much interest is the publication of figures which show a steady fall, week by week, in the tonnage sunk by submarines. The total loss for the month of October was, in round figures, only half the loss in September. The news from under the sea, like the news from the air, justifies a mood of cautious optimism as far as the military situation goes.

The Indian Impasse

The conversations with the Indian Congress leaders and with Mr. Jinnah for the Muslims, which Lord Linlithgow had renewed, have broken down completely. The official accounts are not as clear as we could wish. It seems that the Viceroy, who suggests that Hindu-Muslim dissensions are the only obstacle to a constitutional advance, invited the Congress leaders to seek an agreement with Mr. Jinnah. When they met, Mr. Gandhi and his colleagues declared that there was nothing to talk about, since the Viceroy had failed to satisfy the preliminary demand of Congress for a statement of our war aims in relation to India. In a later communication he made this specific by emphasising the requirement of Congress that a Constituent Assembly shall be elected now, to work out a Constitution for an independent India. This may be a somewhat abbreviated statement. We should suppose that long before a Constituent Assembly could usefully meet, a responsible Indian Ministry must first carry through the preliminary negotiations with all the interests involved, and then embody the result in a draft. The urgent matter is therefore, as we see it, to set up what will be *de facto*, if not *de jure*, a responsible Indian Government at the Centre. This could be done by forming the Viceroy's Council from Indian leaders prepared to act as a homogeneous and responsible Ministry.

Dividing the Rule

As we read the Viceroy's broadcast and Lord Zetland's speech in the Lords, the path to this or any constitutional advance is blocked by the demand that Hindus and Muslims must first come to terms. Lord Linlithgow appeals, in words that have a sincere ring, for unity, but at the same time he puts the Muslim minority in a position to dictate, since he announces that the British Government will yield nothing until the Muslims are satisfied. This is an indefensible attitude. Moreover, Mr. Jinnah is chosen as the sole spokesman of the Muslims. He is an able but uncompromising man, who will make no concessions to Congress for the simple reason that he is opposed to Federation in any form and desires no change at the Centre. But manifestly he does not speak for all Muslims and probably not even for most of them. For example, the Punjab Provincial Council has by a large majority offered its support in the conduct of the war, but it also demands the grant of full responsible central government at its close. It has, of course, a Muslim majority, which is evidently not of Mr. Jinnah's way of thinking. In some of the provincial councils, e.g., the United Provinces, it is clear that most of the Muslims must actually have voted with Congress. The comment of the disinterested observer in America and elsewhere is that as usual the British Government is dividing to rule.

The "City of Flint"

The Nazi Government has confronted the Norwegian Government with a demand for the reversal of the steps it had taken in dealing with the *City of Flint*. The Norwegians are not disposed to yield, but none the less this anxious business remains in suspense. It is doubtful whether Norway behaved correctly in allowing the German crew to navigate its prize by hugging the coast within territorial waters. But, thereafter, her conduct was exactly what the Hague Convention prescribes. The German captain sought the shelter of a Norwegian port on the plea that an American seaman was gravely ill. He had, in fact, sustained an injury to his great toe. For such misfortunes international law makes no provision. Stress of weather, injuries to the ship and lack of fuel are the recognised grounds on which a prize may receive the hospitality of a neutral port. When, after the negative results of a medical inspection, entry was refused, the German captain none the less insisted on making his way in. He and his crew were then interned, and it was believed that the *City of Flint*, restored to her status as a free American ship, was then at liberty to proceed to her destination, a British port. Up to the time of our going to press, however, she remained in Bergen. Germany's behaviour in this matter will have a considerable effect on American opinion.

Anglo-French Relations

The Presidents of the British Chamber of Commerce in Paris and the French Chamber of Commerce in London have raised a timely protest against the extraordinary tangle of restrictions that is at present impeding the course of Anglo-French trade and communication. They point out that united action is no less indispensable on the economic than on the fighting front, and that the obstacles put in the way of business intercourse between the two countries are entirely inconsistent with their declared policy of international collaboration. The regulations made in Great Britain and in France seem to have been drawn up without any effective collaboration; and on the French side restrictions on movement are even more drastic than they are here. Ease of communication and reasonable speed of transport are essential for the building up of close economic collaboration; and Great Britain and France, in face of the difficulties in the way of more distant trade, have everything to gain from bringing their mutual exchanges to a maximum. Moreover, as we are in the war together, it is surely desirable that there should be as much mixing as possible between citizens of the two countries, in order to stimulate a common public opinion and a closer friendship.

Borrowing for the War

Sir John Simon did not give anything away in his speech when he moved the National Loan resolution in the House of Commons on Tuesday. All we know is that there is to be provision for the small as well as the large investor—presumably by an extension of National Savings Certificates, and possibly in other ways as well. As for the main amount to be borrowed, the Chancellor told us that he had only £105 millions left to borrow out of the £800 millions provided for in the previous Defence Loan Acts. So far, the war has been financed mainly by borrowing from the balances in the hands of various Government departments during the first month or so, and subsequently by drawing upon the banks. Presumably, some part of this short borrowing will soon be converted into loans of longer term. But the general expectation is that the Government will for the most part rely on bonds current only for a few years, and to be taken up chiefly by banks, insurance companies, and other corporate investors. In the House, Mr. Pethick Lawrence, for the Labour Party, stressed the importance of keeping interest rates as low as possible ; and this policy is inconsistent, for the present, with borrowing for very long terms. No one knows how much Sir John Simon will want to borrow, apart from bill issues, in the near future. But the sum is bound to be very large—not less than £500 million at the least, it seems likely, before the end of the financial year.

The Petroleum Board

What is the Petroleum Board ? In Wednesday's papers it was announced that Pool fuel and Diesel oil had been increased in price by this body, and that the increases had been " agreed to by the Government." Is the Petroleum Board a Government agency, or is it not ? It does not appear to be connected with the Ministry of Supply or the Ministry of Transport, or to form part of any other Government department, though its decisions do apparently have to be sanctioned by the Ministry of Mines. The Board seems, in fact, to have been exercising a monopoly of the trade throughout September without any ascertainable statutory basis for its activities ; and even now it seems to be merely sanctioned by the Government, and not, like most of the other " controls," a part of the official machine. Perhaps this does not make very much difference in practice ; for a good many of the " controls " that are official are difficult to distinguish from the trade associations out of which they have been constructed. But a situation in which a Board of unknown membership exercises unspecified powers over a vital commodity under an uncertain authority is curiously anomalous.

Rationing

Prices continue to rise, and the Government is about to raise those of all cereals substantially. Among the most important groups of increases are those for home agricultural products, made with the object of inducing the farmers to expand supplies as rapidly as possible. There has been, for example, a stoppage of the supply of pigs for bacon because the good prices obtainable for pork, in relation to the cost of feeding the pigs for the bacon market, has led to a diversion to the pork market. This has to be countered by offering higher prices for bacon pigs, with inevitable reactions on the cost of living. On Wednesday, the Labour Party moved a resolution (which was defeated) for the immediate introduction of rationing over a wide field, whereas the Government is being pressed from other quarters—notably by a considerable section of the press—to put off rationing indefinitely. It now seems likely that butter, as well as meat and sugar, will be left unrationed for some time, but that bacon will be rationed in the very near future. If this is done, and butter prices are allowed to rise sharply in order to equate demand and supply, the result will be simply that the rich will get butter and the poor will not. Surely the right course is to ration, but to make the allowances as liberal as possible for the present, even if they may have to be cut down later on.

A Return to London ?

Mr. Harold Macmillan raised, in Tuesday's *Times*, an important point about evacuation, when he suggested that the time had come for businesses which had moved out of London on the outbreak of war seriously to consider moving back. It is undeniable that the removal out of London of a large number of key sections of Government departments and business offices makes for inefficiency and hampers effective mobilisation of our economic resources. Some departments it may be desirable still to leave in the country, where their presence in the centre is not essential for smooth day-to-day working. But there is a great deal to be said for concentrating the main offices of all the chief Government controls in one place, where they can be properly supervised and co-ordinated, and for carrying on " business as usual " in London for as long as we can. As for the evacuated populations, Mr. Macmillan suggests leaving the children in the country, and bringing the adults home. This is not so simple as it sounds—for what about the infants and other young children who cannot be separated from their mothers ?—but there is a good deal in it, especially if, as Mr. Macmillan proposes, the children who remain are moved as quickly as possible to camps, big country houses, and hotels evacuated by the returning departments and business organisations. True we may have to evacuate London over again ; but that is no reason for enduring the existing confusion while the necessity does not exist. Nor should we forget that, unless some new policy is adopted, most of the children will soon be back again, while most of the evacuated adult workers will remain in the country.

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THE GREATER NEUTRALS

As yet this war is rather a struggle for men's minds than for physical mastery, and politics play a greater part in it than the military art. If the Allies had to regret the loss of Russia before it opened, we have since to congratulate ourselves on the accession of Turkey to our camp and on the lifting of America's embargo on the export of arms. The military gain that may be expected from the passage of the Administration's Neutrality Act can hardly be exaggerated. With the resources of American manufacture at our command, we may look forward to the attainment of superiority in the air. That may prove to be the decisive factor, and this superiority will tell, whether it is tested by actual warfare or whether it plays its part only in the calculations of the Staffs. The possession of the stronger air arm may bestow victory, even if it operates only by deterring the enemy from any rash offensive.

Satisfaction over this great accession to our military resources should not lead us, however, to misinterpret America's political attitude. When she says "neutrality" she means it. In this Act she has contrived to satisfy the two dominant tendencies in American opinion. At considerable cost and inconvenience to herself she means to keep out of this war, but she will do it in a way that will contribute to the defeat of Hitlerism. In any estimate of her policy, the self-denying ordinance she has imposed on her own shipping is as significant as her permission to the Allies to buy arms and munitions, provided they pay cash and carry these dangerous cargoes in their own ships. The whole war-area of the seas, defined in a way that leaves no loophole for risks, is now closed to American shipping. The American merchant marine may trade with South America and with Asia, but nearly every other sea-road is closed to it. Some evasion of this formidable prohibition may possibly be tolerated: it has been suggested that some American ships, provided they were manned by foreign crews might be transferred to the hospitable register of Panama, while others may come under the British flag. But it is clear that at heavy inconvenience to herself America means to avoid any incidents that might bring her into conflict with German submarines and raiders. Her neutrality is not a fiction: it is a firm resolve to avoid entanglement in this war. Its effects are, none the less, intended and foreseen. With hardly a break in their unanimity Americans loathe the brutality of Nazism and its suppression of free thought. As the President has more than once put it, they make no pretence of neutrality in their minds. They are the partisans of Western Civilisation, and they ardently desire the defeat of the Power that has challenged all its values.

But we should flatter ourselves unduly, if we were to translate this attitude into a positive vote of confidence in our own political direction. Americans cannot forget, as we read their minds, the distressing record of Mr. Chamberlain's government. They remember the fate of the Abyssinians, the Spaniards and the Czechs, and they are equally unhappy about the fate of the Poles. What moves them even more than its European record, it has failed over many years to reach with them any common policy of peace in the Far East. They are now watching with dismay, as we predicted they would, its unimaginative handling of India. The ablest of the American weeklies, the *New Republic* (November 1st), concluded its leading article on Lord Linlithgow's answer to Congress with these words:

> If the Viceroy's word remains the final one, millions of people throughout the world and in the United States in particular, will feel that the pretensions under which Great Britain has announced that she is fighting this war have a singularly hollow sound.

It will be as we choose. America is against Hitlerism, but we have not yet earned her confidence.

The other great Neutral has defined her position also this week. M. Molotov's two speeches made it clear that Russia has no intention of becoming a belligerent on Germany's side. The manifesto of the Communist International issued for the anniversary of the Revolution reverts to the old "Leninist" position, and places the blame for this "imperialist war" impartially on all the capitalist belligerents. That is an echo from a past that cannot be revived by the repetition of war-cries that have degenerated into cant. There was none of this affectation in M. Molotov's more important speech: he had the effrontery to declare that Russia has always desired a strong Germany as an indispensable element in European peace. Rarely has diplomacy concealed a desire with more perfect success. Russia played the decisive part in launching Germany into this war. Her pledge of benevolent neutrality precipitated the attack on Poland, because it gave the German soldiers the assurance that they need not fear a war on two fronts. But we question whether the motive that actuated the Kremlin was a wish to strengthen Germany, viewed as an element in European peace. The calculation was that while "the Imperialist Powers," known in the vocabulary of Moscow until the other day as "the Peace-loving Powers," were engaged with Germany, Russia might add considerably to her own strength. The latter part of M. Molotov's speech was a catalogue of her acquisitions up to date, measured in square miles of territory and in millions of inhabitants. There is, however, no reason to regret her expansion in this region. On the balance, the majority of its population, the urban Jews and landless peasants, will gain by coming under Russian rule.

The changes that Moscow has made in the Baltic mean a considerable addition to Russia's military strength and security. This achievement belongs to the realm of power-politics, and one does not pay M. Stalin the compliment of subjecting his actions to an ethical judgment. He used his country's overwhelming strength to take from these little States several Maltas and Gibraltars, to quarter permanently upon them a Russian garrison of 70,000 men with their aeroplanes and tanks, and to convert them into protected satellites. To Lithuania he has certainly been generous at Poland's expense. It is only fair to point out, however, that the independence these States have lost was only a polite fiction. They called their souls their own only so long as Russia and Germany were at feud. The ugliest aspect of this bloodless conquest is, to our thinking, the expulsion at Russia's demand of their German inhabitants, a minority to which they owe in great measure such culture as they possess. Like the rest of the civilised world, we await with anxiety but not without hope the outcome of the negotiations with Finland. The original demands of Moscow were frankly predatory. The Finns have bargained stoutly; and there is good

reason to think that Stalin may modify his first demands. From these excursions into imperialism the old basis of exploitation is absent. No owning class exists to profit by them. But they indicate a lust for power that attracts the world's notice mainly because it is a new development in Communist Russia's contribution to world-history.

With the U.S.S.R. we have to come to terms to-day and to-morrow. Our reading of Stalin's policy is that it has shaken off the idealistic elements of Socialism. It aims at the aggrandisement and doubtless also at the security of the Soviet Union and at no objective more exalted than this. It is doubtful whether Russia is still a force making for revolutionary change beyond her own borders. We shall see. In any case the U.S.S.R. is now a Great Power like another. That ought to ease the problem of dealing with her by the customary methods of diplomacy. Downing Street has made in the past the fatal mistake of snubbing and ignoring her. We wish we could feel sure that the old device of the amateurs in world-politics, the dodge of encouraging Japan's ambitions at her expense, had been finally abandoned. The time may now be passed for sending a Cabinet Minister to open political talks, but, at the head of a trade delegation, he might, as we have good reason to believe, pave the way for the improvement of our political relations. Whatever our judgment of the U.S.S.R. M. Molotov has made her neutrality clear. And in this war the attitude of the great Neutrals may well prove the decisive factor.

THE STRUCTURE OF THE WAR CABINET

IT is universally agreed that the peacetime form of Cabinet is unsuited to the requirements of war. It is too big for despatch, for secrecy, for a highly knit unity of mind. The problem then becomes one of deciding upon the size it ought to be, and the relation of its members to the process of administration.

This is clearly an issue upon which it is too early to speak with any confidence, and that for two reasons. The only alternative model to that of Mr. Chamberlain's system is the War Cabinet of Mr. Lloyd George; and it is not yet possible to say whether the differences between them will be found to be in structural principle, or in the very different personalities of the men involved in their composition. Mr. Lloyd George's principle had, at any rate, the great merit of clarity. He assumed that the War Cabinet must be small; after the addition of General Smuts, it consisted of six men. He assumed that its members must be able to give their whole time to the general principles involved in directing the broadest policies of the war. He, therefore, separated policy from administration; only one of its members, Mr. Bonar Law, was, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, charged with the control of a great department. The others were left wholly free to make general policy; and its detailed application was left to discussion between the War Cabinet, or one or more of its members, and the Heads of the Ministries, whether politicians or civil servants, concerned with its decisions. He believed, thirdly, that the function of supreme co-ordination was the central business of the Prime Minister. He did not think that task compatible with continuous attention to the House of Commons. He therefore entrusted the leadership of the House to Mr. Bonar Law; he himself only attended it on those special occasions when the debate seemed of such outstanding importance that only the Prime Minister could handle it in a finally authoritative way.

Mr. Chamberlain has proceeded upon a very different basis. He has, indeed, drastically reduced the size of the Cabinet to nine members (Mr. Eden holding a watching brief only) from twenty-two. Five of its members, three of them the heads of the Service Departments, have heavy administrative duties; four others, including the Prime Minister himself, are virtually ministers without portfolio. It is understood that Sir Samuel Hoare, as Lord Privy Seal, presides over a committee of Ministers not in the War Cabinet, who are responsible for home affairs; and the economic co-ordination of war effort is entrusted to a committee presided over by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has the part-time services of Lord Stamp, with a small staff, as his advisers. The Prime Minister retains the leadership of the House of Commons, where he is in constant attendance. He not only makes there his weekly statement on the war, which is usually followed by a brief debate. He also answers questions; and, in all major matters of foreign policy, the fact that Lord Halifax is in the Lords means that the main burden of handling these issues necessarily falls also upon him.

What is to be said about these two very different conceptions? The Lloyd George scheme was, I think, based upon a fundamental fallacy—that it is possible to separate policy from administration. "He who has in his hands the execution of measures," wrote Sir Henry Taylor, "is in truth the master of them." There is evidence and to spare that the Lloyd George system worked far less smoothly than its eminent author would wish us to imagine. Much of its time was spent on arguing out its decisions with Departments. Still more was devoted to settling differences between them. The absence from its deliberations of the Ministers concerned with the application of policy meant a good deal of misunderstanding and incoherence. There was a time when one foreign policy was being conducted by the Prime Minister, and another by the Foreign Secretary. There was inadequate continuity of contact between the War Cabinet and Departmental Ministers, on the one hand, and between the former and the responsible civil servants, on the other. There was always doubt whether the War Cabinet itself was fully acquainted with the mind of the Departments themselves; and it was never easy, without something akin to an elaborate system of espionage, for the Prime Minister to acquaint himself with that mind. That the inner relationships were unhappy is proved, I think, by the experience of the War Office—witness the Maurice Debate; and of the Admiralty—witness the account of Lord Jellicoe. Mr. Lloyd George's remarkable energy triumphed over these, and similar difficulties. But that does not prove that the system was inherently right; it proves only that a remarkable Prime Minister can transcend the weaknesses of his own system.

The principles of administration cannot be separated from the practice of administration. The men who make the decisions must be those through whose hands the pivotal papers pass. They do the work of selection out of which principles emerge; and the work of selection is the necessary groundwork upon which alone right decisions can be taken. That is why, to take an obvious instance, there is always a special relation between the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary; unless the contact between them is close and unremitting, the ability of the former to keep his hands upon the main outlines of foreign policy would be non-existent. If this separation grows, Departments begin to live a life of their own; and the War Cabinet then becomes, not a maker of policy, but a corrector of mistakes. That this is the case has already been shown by the Ministry of Information. It is not merely that it started in a bad foundation. Even more, it is the fact that a Minister in Lord Macmillan's position has either got to go his own way, independently of the War Cabinet, or he has continuously to consult it on every important question that arises. And if public opinion is dissatisfied with the Ministry, if the stream of criticism is perpetual, the War Cabinet has, in fact, continually to acquaint itself with details, evaluate them, evolve them into principles, even while it is protesting that only freedom from the consideration of details will enable

it properly to fulfil its function of laying down the large outlines of policy for the conduct of the war.

I believe, therefore, that the central idea of Mr. Chamberlain's War Cabinet is better than that of Mr. Lloyd George's. But I think that Mr. Chamberlain's principle suffers from serious defects in application. There are four Service Ministers out of nine, all upon an equal footing; there is already ample material here for Departmental friction. The economic front and the Home Service front are quite inadequately represented by the Chancellor of the Exchequer—the quintessence of that Treasury mind which excludes from the area of all desirable action expenditure upon innovation—and a Minister without Portfolio who has no direct control over the policy of the Spending Departments. There is something to be said for Ministers without Portfolio when they have the special experience that has fallen over so many years to Lord Hankey's lot; especially if they can relieve the Prime Minister by tackling inter-Departmental questions with the quite special expertise that experience must have given him.

But an effective War Cabinet, I suggest, must co-ordinate in the context of direct control over the Departments. Ministers must be in and with them, not aloof and beyond. If this is right, the structure of the War Cabinet begins to shape itself in a way different from Mr. Chamberlain's. The Prime Minister is the keystone of the arch; as Lord Oxford saw, in his conflict with Mr. Lloyd George, he must be in full charge of the team in its daily work or, effectively, he really ceases to be Prime Minister. The Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Foreign Secretary must be there. These three Ministers are the central focus about which the rest of the structure must be built. Without them, not only is essential direction lacking at the critical points; still more important, essential continuity of information is lacking without which the background is lacking for right decision in other directions.

But I cannot believe that we need three Service Ministers plus a Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence. Broadly, he can co-ordinate if they are his subordinates; he cannot co-ordinate if they are his equals. In the latter situation, he cannot be more, at best, than a wise man offering the best advice he can, and taking his chance that the quality of his argument will make it prevail. That is not co-ordination. The present structure, therefore, overweights service representation. Three of the Ministers are in charge of immense Departments. The right thing, surely, is to make the Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence a Minister of Defence in the full sense of the term. He should represent the three Services in the War Cabinet. He should have real power to control and co-ordinate their activities. In that position, he would not only be able to deal with inter-Departmental friction; he would be able, also, with full knowledge, to see that only the vital questions of defence came for decision to the War Cabinet as a whole. I cannot deal here with the general argument for a Ministry of Defence. I can only say that every case, even that of Lord Haldane, which has been made against it has been based on arguments of a political, and not of an administrative, nature. These are irrelevant to the problem. The case for the unity of defence, and, therefore, its unified representation in the War Cabinet, has become unanswerable if we seriously mean the co-ordination of the three services to be real.

The argument applies with no less force to production for defence purposes. We have now four major Ministers concerned with this problem; and four other Departments, Transport, Shipping, Mining, and Economic Warfare, are integrally related to their work. They are represented in the War Cabinet by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a Minister who already carries a heavy burden, and whose angle of approach is different, even alien, from theirs. Is it not clear that we require a Minister of Economic Co-ordination, who shall act as the head of these eight Departments, and speak of the general issues they raise, both in the War Cabinet and in Parliament? He would have the advantage of continuous and detailed contact with them. In the last resort, their officials would be directly under his control. He could see that only the largest problems created by their activities came before the War Cabinet; all the minor Departmental issues he would have authority to dispose of himself. Above all, he would speak of his problems with an authority equal to that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, so that he could confront the Treasury on equal terms. And because he was directly and responsibly related to their administrative process, there would not be the abyss which now yawns between the War Cabinet and the economics of production. On this scheme, some of the major mistakes we have already made, those in the Ministry of Supply, for instance, or in the Ministry of Mines, could be avoided. Co-ordination is one thing when it is attempted by a Minister immersed in the facts of his problem; it is a different and, I think, an unsatisfactory thing when it is attempted by a War Cabinet through a Minister who, like the Chancellor of the Exchequer, is bound to see the issues through lenses very different from those which the Departments concerned are necessarily using.

Then there is the Home Service front. Health, Education, Civil Defence, the Service of Information and Propaganda, these, to take the obvious instances, must go on. At present they are linked to the War Cabinet through the Lord Privy Seal. But, in relation to them, the nature of his office makes him an omnipresence brooding in the sky above them, rather than one with them and of them. His officials are not theirs. He does not see their problems at first-hand. He deals only with the matters they feel they must bring before the War Cabinet, or those which outside opinion forces upon its attention. Here, again, there is no adequate co-ordination; and it will have been noticed that whenever objection to any decision is taken by a group powerful enough to compel attention, it is driven to go to the Prime Minister for an answer. The Labour Party is dissatisfied with the Ministry of Information; it goes to the Prime Minister. The Trades Union Congress is dissatisfied with the Ministry of Supply; it goes to the Prime Minister. He becomes the bottleneck through which all major decisions have to pass; and he cannot have the time, as he hurriedly surveys them, to do more than lay down, in a necessarily superficial way, lines of policy that other Ministers must carry out in detail, and that where the detail gives to those lines their reality of life.

It seems to me, therefore, that we require, in the War Cabinet, a Minister for the Co-ordination of Home Services, who will act as the controlling force in their disposition. He will have to see that they are maintained in the fullest vigour the demands of the war make possible; and he must represent their claims —now patently neglected—with fitting urgency in the War Cabinet. Are we, for instance, to continue the half-system of education that has now come into being? Are we to develop a policy for evacuees which will give some stability to the situation in which they find themselves? Does the War Cabinet adequately grasp the problems raised by pensions and war allowances? I need not multiply instances. What is painfully clear at present is the absence of structural mechanisms permitting their consideration upon a unified plane.

On this scheme, there are two areas of action, both vital, for which room must be found. There is the grave problem of India; and there are the problems connected with the colonies and dependencies. Before the war is over, they will have to be considered at their foundation. Some of them, India, for example, and perhaps Palestine, may make the difference between life and death for the Cabinet, since their repercussions are world-wide. My own view is that, for the war period, their general oversight should be in the hands of the Secretary of the Dominions. He already attends the War Cabinet; Indian and Colonial questions are properly relevant to his interest. If he were given the task of supervising the work now divided between three Departments, there would be a saving of time and a gain in coherency of outlook.

On this structural pattern, we should have a War Cabinet of eight, two of whom, the Prime Minister, and one Minister without Portfolio, would have no Departmental functions. The Foreign Secretary and the Chancellor of the Exchequer

have already a full administrative burden. Each of the remaining members would be in charge of a related group of Departments, the general problems of which he would control up to that point where they warranted discussion in the War Cabinet. The internal policy of his group would be worked out by him in conjunction with his colleagues; and he would be directly in a position not only to maintain a general oversight, but also, where he thought fit, to enquire into particular detail. He could prevent those Departmental separatisms which are so fertile in internecine conflict. He could save the War Cabinet and the Prime Minister from the consideration of many problems which are really not their true concern.

This structure implies a Cabinet of effectively two fewer members than at present. But it covers by direct contact the whole field of policy and administration, internal and external. It is, therefore, large enough to prevent that separation of policy from administration which was, as I have argued, the main flaw in the Lloyd George scheme; and it is small enough, if its members are wisely chosen, to put the Prime Minister in command of genuinely unified institutions. It is, moreover, a pattern into which it is possible to fit any new Departments the need for which may arise; for it has coherence at the top, and a sufficient flexibility at the base, of its pyramid to permit them to be dovetailed logically into the general structure it creates. It is administration by the grouping of related functions into a unity made effective by similarity of purpose. That, I suggest, is the best way to acquaint the War Cabinet with those large issues so that its decisions of principle are built upon the proper measure of detail and its significance. That is, also, the best way to see that the decisions the Cabinet makes are carried out in the spirit of its fundamental preoccupation.

HAROLD J. LASKI

A LONDON DIARY

"THE Treachery of Wang-Ching-Wei"—this is not the title of a thriller, but the regretful phrase that comes from the lips of every good Chinese. Wang-Ching-Wei, who had been second in command to Chiang-kai-Shek, was dismissed from the Kuomingtang only last year on account of his dealings with Japan. To-day he has been drawn wholly into the Japanese net and is being used as the figure-head for a puppet State to be set up by the Japanese at Nanking. There is no sign of his receiving any Chinese support, and he now moves backwards and forwards between his castle in Shanghai and his proposed seat of government under the protection of Japanese bayonets. Japan, militarily bogged in China for the last six months, is flying a stream of peace kites, particularly in the United States. How little support these receive from the American Administration can be gathered from Ambassador Grew's recent statement in Tokio. I think it has not been generally noticed that this statement was more than a warning to Japan; it was also a warning to Britain that United States opinion would be outraged by any action likely to damage China and help Japan. No one here who really understands the Far East contemplates anything of the kind, and I do not think the British Government at present intends to give way on the currency or other issues. But there are people, some of them in official positions, who canvass the possibilities of a peace based on a division of China into spheres of influence. A proposal has recently been made for a settlement in China which would surrender large areas to Japan, support Wang-Ching-Wei's nominal authority in Nanking, gain some promise of security for British interests in Southern China, especially in Canton, and lead, it is suggested, to a Japanese attack on the Soviet Union in the North. I can scarcely believe that this will come off, at any rate at this stage, because the Japanese are in no position for any such venture. So far they have engaged in only one big land battle with the Russians, and in that battle two mechanised divisions of Japanese were destroyed. This policy would only make sense if the same Western diplomats could succeed in patching up a peace with Germany, on the understanding that Russia would have to fight on two fronts, and that is not a policy that can be realised to-day. The immediate result of giving support to Wang-Ching-Wei would be to promote civil war in China.

* * *

Wang-Ching-Wei is the last man whom his friends ever thought capable of playing the Japanese game. He is an old revolutionary and poet, a handsome and eloquent man who used to be called the silver-tongued orator of China. One of his early exploits was to throw a bomb (that was in 1909) which killed the Prince Regent. On his trial he wrote such an eloquent defence that he moved his judges to commute his sentence from death to life imprisonment. He came out of gaol two years later and has been associated with the Chinese nationalist movement ever since. The horrors that he has seen in the Chinese war have certainly affected his mind so that he wants peace at any price. If that were the whole explanation the old friends of Wang-Ching-Wei would scarcely regard him as a traitor, vehemently though they disagree with him about the right moment to make peace. The Chinese are a tolerant and kindly people who can understand pacifism; but Wang-Ching-Wei has never been a pacifist and they can conceive no good motive which would have induced him to act as a stool-pigeon for the Japanese. They point out finally the miserable fate of individual Chinese who do help Japan. They can quote examples of Chinese who helped the Japanese in Manchuria and who were swiftly brushed aside or even done to death as soon as their utility to Japan was over. They prophesy the same fate for Wang-Ching-Wei.

* * *

The importance of Mr. Attlee's statement of war aims is that they do show that there is an influential body of opinion in this country which is not content to fight this war for purely imperialist ends. Of course, if the war gets into the stage when both sides start using their secret weapons—I see that a British scientist now speaks of Britain also having far more lethal weapons than are at present being used—then all these fine phrases about federation and the rule of law and international settlement of colonies and so forth will be forgotten far more completely than they were in the Versailles settlement, which did, after all, have an idealistic side. But it is important that Labour should state aims which differentiate it from a Churchillian outlook. There are many people about who regard the putting up of war aims which can be the basis for negotiation, as a kind of defeatism. They do not realise that all the hundreds of people who are now writing letters to this and other papers, asking what this war is for, are not at all inclined to give in to Hitler. They are mostly people who wanted to prevent the war, realised that they might have to fight if they could not get the Government to stop Hitler before it took a world war to do it, and now feel trapped behind a Government which they do not trust in the least. These people want to know, as the American press constantly asks, what Britain is prepared to put into the pool in order to make a saner world, if there is a peace conference. Behind the black-out I believe that there is growing up a desire for a change in the social order as profound as that which transformed the face of Europe after the French Revolution.

* * *

I had imagined that the case against the commandeering of schools and hotels was really foolproof until I heard some one explaining the other day what difficulties the Office of Works had to contend with. Granted that great hardship was caused, and my informant did not deny this, it is difficult to see how it could have been altogether avoided. Everyone thought London would be severly bombed and the officials had to find premises and billets at short notice for 13,000 Civil Servants *behind* the air defences. This ruled out a good deal of the country. In the second place the only towns which could be considered lay close alongside the trunk telephone lines. To disperse your bureaucracy is bad enough; to leave it without telephone connections would be intolerable. In the third place remote

country houses were impossible, as there was no billeting available, and certain departments must be grouped together. This left only provincial towns, and here virtually the only buildings available and large enough were hotels and schools. I asked of course why, if schools had to be moved, the Departments could not have gone where the schools ultimately went to. The answer was once again the problem of telephone communication and billeting. As for the shortness of notice, I was told that all the 24 schools affected had been warned, under pledge of secrecy, many months ago. If any secrecy was to be maintained the hotels could not be warned till the outbreak of war. Then they were given four days before they were taken over. I gather that the Office of Works is still waiting for substantiation of the press stories of furniture thrown out of the windows, laboratory equipment battered, etc. Perhaps the least justifiable accusation is that many of the buildings commandeered are still vacant. Whitehall staffs number nearly 80,000 and the Government cannot be sure that London will not be bombed to-morrow. Some buildings, it is felt, must be reserved for an emergency, and the critics who are most vocal now would lead the outcry if the Government made no provision for it. I must say I was impressed by this defence, but I was left gasping at the complete inability of the Government to put it across!

* * *

The most cheerful person I have met for a long time is a Civil Servant in the British Museum. Having moved his particular collection to a secret repository, he has the satisfaction of seeing the B.M. as he has always dreamed of seeing it—completely empty. "This war has given us the chance of our lives," he said. "Another decade of peace and the building would have been chocka-block. But now," and his eyes had a far away look, "now we can reorganise the Museum from top to bottom. The junk has gone into the repository with the good stuff, but it will come out again over my dead body." And so he goes down to the repository now and again to see that all is well, and the rest of the time he spends planning for peace.

* * *

The following extract from the *Völkischer Beobachter* is wonderfully revealing. The Nazis seem to have retained all the vices of the old Prussianism as well as adding worse horrors of their own.

> The first thing I noticed was the high standard of military saluting, even in pitch darkness. At every step you can hear the click of heels and the arm flies to touch the cap. An excellent sign of discipline. People could easily shirk doing this; nobody could reproach them. But no! They salute every epaulette which they certainly cannot see, they salute the superior officer who can only be perceived dimly by his contours. An excellent sign.

* * *

I have received the following very remarkable letter which I hope is not a sign of the times.

> VERY DEAR SIR,
>
> We are instructed to inform you that as a result of twenty-five years researches, Time is now Isolated, and that from it is revealed, among thousands of other singular facts, that the whole of human history is bound in astronomical cycles, both great and small and that an immense cycle is now rapidly approaching completion, the consummation of which shall involve the entire planet in mutations as extraordinary as they are totally unsuspected by acceptors of current cosmic and biological theorem. This, of course, means the entire subversion of the theories of evolution, cosmic, organic, and human. But their destruction will only be regretted by them whose interests are apparently best served by postulating, and perpetuating, the idea of NO GOD, and by them who mix, and very badly, very unchemically, the idea of a GOD with the idea of NO GOD and call it advanced theology. To both of them these discoveries will prove a bad incubus. But by others they are received with melting eagerness, and an explanation is found in them of events which without it must fill all men of good will with the darkest and most despairing forebodings. While the matter is for the moment a little confidential—it is being arranged in words and form communicable to the veriest simpleton—arrangements can be made for honest investigation by persons of public service who are not satisfied with the substitution of theories for fixedly ascertained and incontrovertible facts.

This letter was signed by four people who have now written to me again, hoping that I have realised the stupendous importance of their former letter and adding that the discovery is of course confidential. It reminds me of another Communication pointing out that we had all been living in the Millennium for some time without realising it. CRITIC.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to E. J. Galwey.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

> "What has shocked us in this country," he said, "is that these Indian leaders have thought fit to use the international situation in order to promote a further step towards self-government."—Report of the Marquess of Salisbury's speech in Parliament in the *Daily Telegraph*.

> . . . it attracts not only the womenfolk of the men readers, but also women of character and personality, such as may be seen watching the Rugby game at Twickenham.—From a leaflet advertising *Blackwood's Magazine*.

> Hitler's *Mein Kampf* (8*s*. 6*d*. edition); would exchange for Churchill's *Step by Step*.—Advert. in *Northern Whig and Belfast Post*.

> An extra special surprising novelty. A full-size stand, attachable to any wall, with fixture to hold an ordinary toilet roll. When the roll is moved a spring is released and a tune commences to play.—Advert. in dealer's catalogue.

> As the daughter of an officer of the Boer War, the wife of an officer of the Great War, and the mother of two boys fighting in this war, I wonder why the tribunals do not insist on conscientious objectors wearing a badge with C.O. on it. Then one could avoid coming in contact with them on trams, buses, or in other public institutions.—Letter in the *Telegraph and Independent*.

> The fact that Germany has the initiative but declines to take it is explained by some Dutch observers to mean that Hitler finds himself put in to bat on a tricky wicket.—*Times*.

TRIBUNALS

THIS being a war for democracy and liberty, a war, therefore, for the protection of the individual against the all-embracing claims of the Totalitarian State, it would, I thought, be instructive to see how democracy and liberty were actually surviving the process of being fought for, to what extent the rights of the individual were in practice being protected. "If all mankind minus one were of one opinion," wrote Mill, "and only one person were of the contrary opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person, than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind." Quite so. Mill states one of the basic principles of democracy, a principle which, as a result of the liberal thinking of the last 150 years, most of us have come to concede: for example, Mr. Chamberlain who, with the experience of the last war in mind, observed last Spring in the debate on the Military Training Act that "it often happens that those who hold the most extreme opinions, hold them with the greatest tenacity. We learned something about this during the Great War, and I think we found that it was both a useless and an exasperating waste of time and effort to attempt to force such people to act in a manner contrary to their principles." Mr. Chamberlain, it will be seen, based his argument on expediency rather than on principle. To try to coerce people may not be wrong, but it is, he concedes, "a useless and an exasperating waste of time and effort."

So much for the concessions of theory. How much is conceded in practice? To obtain material for an answer to this question I visited two Tribunals sitting in London to judge the cases of conscientious objectors, at the Fulham Town Hall and the Southwark County Court. So far as the Fulham Tribunal, which is the older and was established to consider cases under the Military Training Act before the war, is concerned, the answer would seen to be "very little."

It is not that the Knights and Aldermen who compose the Tribunal bully, it is not even that they browbeat, the C.O.s. Nobody for example was heard demanding of a C.O., "What would you do if you saw a German trying to assault your wife, mother, sister, aunt, cousin, daughter or what not?" Yet one or two of the arguments used appeared to me to differ only in form from that hoary chestnut: "Supposing you were in a lunatic asylum and were attacked by one of the inmates? Would you not defend yourself?" "Yes." "Then you don't object to using force in self-defence." And therefore? Therefore you will take non-combatant service in the army! Or again, "Supposing you were cast away on a cannibal island and the cannibals proposed to include you on the menu of their next feast, would you object or would you permit yourself to be led towards the cooking apparatus?" "I should object." And therefore? Therefore you do not object to using force in self-defence. Non-combatant service in the army!

But this sort of thing, in spite of its intellectual fatuity, is not exactly intimidating. Nor is the Tribunal ostensibly hostile. There is even an air of kindly benevolence about the efforts which are made to show these mistaken young men that they are in fact mistaken, an air as of those who would say, "My dear boy, I have only your own best interests at heart. Follow me and I will lead you . . . up the garden path." Listen, for example, to Sir James Baillie—or is it Alderman Marshall?—dealing with the earnest young Christian. "You are a follower of Christ?" "Yes." "Would not Christ alleviate suffering?" "Yes." "Would he not work with His disciples to this end?" "Yes." "Would He not work with them in a foreign country?" "Yes." "Then, my lad, as a follower of Christ, your duty is to join the R.A.M.C. and succour the wounded in France." And forthwith the young man is removed from the Conscientious Objectors' register and given non-combatant service in the army.

Sir James Baillie and Alderman Marshall are very clever with the Bible. Here, for example, is a C.O. who takes his stand on the "Love your enemies" text. "Quite so," says the Knight (or is it the Alderman?). "But Christ did not say that you are not to *have* enemies. Consider the case of the prize fighter; he fights, but he doesn't hate his opponent." Or we are bidden to reflect upon the fact that in the last war the French *poilu* did not *hate* the German soldier. He even fraternised. And the moral? The moral, it seems, is that there is no harm in sticking a bayonet through a man's stomach provided that you do not hate him while you are doing it, and, once again, the applicant who takes seriously Christ's injunction about loving one's enemies gets non-combatant service in the army. But the most remarkable performance in this *genre* was that of Judge Hargreaves himself. How, he asked one applicant, can you maintain that killing is offensive to God? He kills Himself; in fact, "he kills us all in the end."

Some figures may be useful here. Up to the end of last week, of 407 cases (both pre-war and war cases) considered at the Tribunal sitting at Fulham, 96 have been rejected out of hand, 159 have been given non-combatant duties in the army, 153 have been given exemption conditional upon their obtaining employment in some approved occupation, and 9 have been given total and unconditional exemption. It is interesting to note that of the three who had been given total exemption from the beginning of the war up to the end of October, two were theological students, while the third is described as "mentally retarded."

Nothing very outrageous about these figures, you might say. And yet they conceal a number of serious abuses. First, young men are given non-combatant service in the army who want alternative service in agriculture, forestry, or some other form of nationally useful work. I find it difficult to understand upon what principle the Tribunal decides these cases. The Military Training Act clearly recognises the distinction, explicitly providing that a man shall "be conditionally registered in that" (i.e., in the Conscientious Objectors') "register until the end of the present emergency, the condition being that he must . . . undertake work specified by the Tribunal of a civil character and under civilian control, and, if directed by the Minister, undergo training prescribed or approved by the Minister to fit him for such work." Nevertheless, again and again the apparently sincere objector is denied approved civilian work and is consigned to non-combatant duties under military orders.

It may be said that the figures do not bear out this complaint, since 153 have in fact been given conditional exemption. But I am assured that the vast majority of these cases are those of men already engaged on work of national importance who are allowed to continue this work, not because they have established the sincerity of their conscientious objection, but because it *is* of national importance. Thus a chemist is permitted to follow his existing occupation not because he has a conscience, but because he is a chemist. If his existing occupation is of no national importance, the Tribunal has a short way with him. Thus the motor manufacturer is told that he can have no valid objection to service in the army since motor cars no less than soldiers are death-dealing agencies. "Don't you know," one such was asked, "that thousands of people are killed by cars in peacetime?" And therefore? Therefore, presumably, since you make cars, you cannot be averse from killing.

Another abuse is the lack of recognition for objections which are not based upon religious grounds. The Tribunal gives short shrift to political, rational or humanitarian objectors. "We consider this objection based on intellectual disapproval." "Merely a political outlook has been discussed." With such phrases the non-religious objector is silenced. Judge Hargreaves has even been known to dismiss a case on the ground that "only a political and *ethical* (my italics) objection has been given." Yet even if it is true that only the religious are entitled to have consciences, the Tribunal is not entitled to have it both ways. Thus in one case that was dealt with on Friday, October 27th, the young man's objection was dismissed because, when asked whether he had arrived at his conviction by reason, he answered "Yes." Well and good! Reason, perhaps, affords no good ground for conviction! But almost immediately afterwards a young man who passionately insisted that war was wrong and that non-combatant service only assisted its prosecution was told that the Tribunal could not be expected to give weight to his conscientious objection, unless he could explain by what process of reasoning he had arrived at his convictions.

By these methods were the C.Os. bamboozled, stultified, tied into knots, and dragged through the mud of intellectual ignominy. Not that I would give the impression that all the applicants were shy and sheeplike young men whose diffidence was affronted by the contumaciousness of imposing and eminent persons, whose inexperience was exploited by the dialectical skill of trained minds. Some, arrogant and noisy, testified before the Tribunal like Old Testament prophets. One in particular bellowed like a bull. These, I thought, were of the stuff that too many martyrs are made of—obstinate, opiniated, pig-headed, taking an immense and perverse satisfaction in the sufferings which their contumacy has brought upon them. But these were a tiny minority; for the rest, it was impossible to avoid the conclusion that a considerable number of young men have been relegated to non-combatant work under military orders who have explicitly stated, and will maintain, their refusal to do anything of the kind. They have the right of appeal, and a considerable number are avail-

ing themselves of it. Up to the present no Appeals Tribunal has, I understand, met. When it does meet, and the case is still turned down, what then? Then, presumably, arrest, court-martial, imprisonment, with the only relevant difference from the last war, that the prisoner has the right to demand that he shall be put back on the register of Conscientious Objectors on the ground that he has now shown his sincerity. And if he is not put back, or is put back and again turned down, then, presumably, the whole dreary business begins all over again.

So far, then, as the Fulham Tribunal is concerned, Mr. Chamberlain's expressed intention of avoiding "the exasperating waste of time and effort" involved in attempting to force people to act contrary to their principles seems unlikely to be fulfilled.

But in other quarters the Government's explicit pledge seems to stand a better chance of being honoured. A second Tribunal for London C.Os. is now sitting at the Southwark and Bloomsbury County Courts. The atmosphere at this Tribunal is totally different from that of Fulham. Here there are no attempts to bewilder applicants with Biblical quotations, no quibblings about the correct definition of conscience, no covert hints that conscientious objection is a polite name for shirking. There is a real attempt to find the best way of utilising the services of young men who will take no part in war, but are prepared to do valuable work in civil occupations. I have no figures for this second London Tribunal, but my impression is that its deliberations will not furnish the crop of appeals that is pending from Fulham. Moreover, the evidence, so far as it goes, seems to show that, throughout the country as a whole, the attitude of Tribunals approximates more closely to that of Southwark than to that of Fulham. Thus an analysis of seventeen cases dealt with at Leeds last week shows two absolute exemptions, nine cases approved for civilian work, and only four placed upon the Military Register for non-combatant duties in the army; two were given unconditional military service. At Birmingham the equivalent figures were 2, 16, 3 and 0. At Bristol, 19 out of 29 cases dealt with were given unconditional exemption. Now why, I wonder, should residence in the West have such a salutary effect upon the sincerity of consciences? It is not clear.

C. E. M. JOAD

THE BLIGHT OF ASIA

(An Indian Love Lyric, after Laurence Hope)

THE bulbuls were about to sing,
The temple bells about to ring,
For the marriage-month the soul of India yearned,
When the Viceroy sent a chit
That the season was not fit
So the nuptials were considered as adjourned.

Summoned to the Viceroy's side
Near relations of the bride,
Alarmed for India's honour and renown
Stipulated for a date
When the *raj* would terminate
Her irregular relations with the Crown.

India, helpless to escape
Past experience of rape,
To nothing short of wedlock would agree,
Nor her lawful claims resign
As Linlithgow's concubine
For innumerable viceregal cups of tea.

Still the Viceroy's frigid sloth
Fails to consummate their troth
And set her throned beside him in Durbar,
So until the marriage moon,
Temple bells are out of tune,
And the bulbuls are all asking where they are.
Ah!

SAGITTARIUS

PLEASURES OF NOT THINKING

A FRENCH priest once wrote a book called, I think, *The Art of Thinking*. Advertisements of mind-training courses in the newspapers suggest that this art is one which the mass of human beings long to acquire. And, if they do, that is hardly to be wondered at, for do we not know on the authority of a wise man that "life is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy to those who feel." Who could refuse a gift that will turn life—even "Life with a capital Hell," in Kipling's phrase—into a perpetual comedy?

Yet I sometimes wonder whether human beings as a whole enjoy thinking so much as they enjoy not thinking. The pleasures of not thinking bring a curious glow to the cheeks and brightness to the eyes. Who is so happy as the fanatic who has ceased to think? His fanaticism may take either a religious or a political turn, but in either case he lives in a state of almost permanent intoxication. If he meets you in a railway train, he sets about the business of converting you with the exhilaration of a man who is in love with his work. Your arguments, if you reply to him, have no more effect on him than paper darts would have on an elephant. He ignores them with a saintly smile, and continues with his cataract of certainties. He is the man who knows, and what possession is more enviable than knowledge divorced from thought!

Perhaps I am thinking too exclusively of modern England when I speak of the fanatic with a saintly smile. I am not sure that the fanatics of all races have the same sunny temperament. There are countries in which the fanatic wears a scowl. He is not content to abjure thinking himself: he is also prepared to use force to compel other people to abjure it. Even then, I feel, he may be counted a sort of happy man. To the pleasures of not thinking he adds the pleasures of persecution, and these, according to trustworthy reports, are considerable. Life becomes a rat-hunt, with the man who thinks for himself as the rat.

It is doubtful whether, if thinking were a popular pastime, human beings would ever have consented to live under dictators. Those who regard thought as one of the essentials of a civilised existence are inclined to look on the subjects of dictators as a crowd of helpless and resentful serfs. No doubt those subjects who have a taste for thinking are resentful, but I suspect that the others—the majority who would rather go to gaol than think—are happy enough. Visitors to dictatorial countries constantly tell us of the look of joy on the faces of youth on the march. The young men are transformed, they say; they have a faith; you can see it in their shining faces. It is no use telling them that many an imbecile has a shining face. There are some people who are always impressed by shining faces if the faces belong to foreigners.

What strikes me as particularly odd about those shining thoughtless faces is that in the main they are the faces of the young. I have usually thought of youth as an age at which thinking was still an active pleasure. With what rapture the young men of one's own youth whetted their tusks on books of metaphysics read for the first time! How they delighted in proving that it was impossible to be certain of the existence of anyone or anything except oneself! They set sail boldly into the world of thought, happy in the illusion that they were discovering new continents. An argument was as exhilarating as a mountain-climb, and at the end of it each of the combatants felt that he stood on the peak of understanding. Life was assuredly a comedy to those who thought—all the more so, perhaps, because most of their thoughts were nonsense.

It is possible that even in totalitarian States youth still enjoys some of these raptures. Or is there even a totalitarian metaphysic which it is blasphemy to question? In most other spheres, dogma is certainly the rule. Politics, economics—about such things the young totalitarian does not think: he knows. And he knows, not through a process of thought, but through having learnt to say "Yes" to those in authority

from his childhood up—a practice that apparently becomes increasingly enjoyable. He has become inoculated with a religion and burns with a religious convert's ardour. While he retains this ardour—and he will retain it till events have taught him to think—we need waste no sympathy on him. He is happy.

To all this it may be replied that the young totalitarian is in much the same position as the young Christian—that each of them accepts certain dogmas and uses his powers of thought to propagate and defend those dogmas. There have been undoubtedly great thinkers who were dogmatists. I have an enormous respect for the intellect of St. Thomas Aquinas, whom I have not yet read. Religious dogma, however, is on a different footing from any other kind of dogma. It is based on faith in something which cannot be proved. It is an attempt to give form to truths about the spiritual world believed to have been communicated to man through Divine revelation. Whether you believe in the existence of God or not, it is obvious that it is just as intellectual to believe that He exists as to believe that He does not exist. The intellect, indeed, has little to do with one's fundamental conviction on the point. There have, I agree, been men who thought their way into Christianity and men who thought their way out of Christianity, but as a rule, faith, whether in the dogmas of Christianity or in the dogma of atheism, comes first and brainwork after.

In totalitarian countries, on the other hand, there is no room for faith of this kind. Extreme Nazis would be shocked by the suggestion that their rules of life were brought down by a Jew from a God-frequented Jewish mountain. No Bolshevik would contend that when Karl Marx wrote *Das Kapital* he was directly inspired from Heaven. Good Bolsheviks might possibly say that if there were a Heaven, Marx would certainly have been inspired from it. But the non-existence of Heaven is one of their dogmas. They have abolished God, but re-created Him with a worse beard than before.

These modern political religions seem to me to be an outrage on the intellect in a way in which ordinary religion is not. They are based on the worship of human beings, who, being human, are necessarily imperfect, but whose pronouncements are accepted as though they had Scriptural authority. Hitler declares that Bolshevism is the spearhead of a world-wide Jewish conspiracy; and his followers cheer till the veins in their foreheads crack. He turns round and bids them rejoice because he has made friends with the Jewish conspirators of yesterday; and again they cheer till their eyeballs start out of their sockets. Like Father Devine, he is God, and his ardent young followers, revelling in the pleasures of not thinking, hear his inspired utterances and rejoice. Whatever may be said of Christians, I doubt whether any body of Christians ever indulged in the pleasures of not thinking to this extent. I feel confident that if the Pope were one day to announce that the Devil, whom he had been hitherto execrating, was a good fellow and that he and the Devil were henceforth to be friends his cardinals would have him confined as a madman. The religious are a faithful body, but they have not the Nazi's genius for abandoning the right to think.

The Communist is obviously more given to thinking than the Nazi. There is an intellectual groundwork to his dogma, and he probably uses his brain rather more vigorously than the ordinary man. At the same time, how he, too, must enjoy the pleasures of not thinking! That, at least, is what one infers from the way in which he accepted the Russo-German pact. For months he had been denouncing non-Communists who suggested the possibility of such a pact. One Communist said that the suggestion was a foul slander on Stalin. The pact was made, however, and swastikas greeted Herr von Ribbentrop in Moscow. Most people thought that, though there might be something to be said for Russia from a non-Communist point of view, Communists outside Russia at least would be horror-struck. But not a bit of it. Stalin, too, has Father Devine's authority. If he wants a league against Fascism, he is right. If he wants a league with Fascism, he is right. It is evident that even thoughtful human beings do not enjoy thinking. Otherwise, Communists would have suspected that there was something rather queer about the business.

And now they accuse England and France, whom they urged to save first Czechoslovakia and then Poland, of waging a war of aggressive Imperialism. It does not make sense. I know there are ingenious ways of arguing that any empire that wages war does so from Imperialist motives; but then England and France were empires at the time when they were called on—quite rightly—to make a treaty with Russia. They would obviously have had the same motives as allies of Russia as they have to-day, if only you come to think of it.

Still, faith in a Leader is perhaps better than no faith at all. I always half-envy anybody who believes passionately in a cause, for I am sure that such belief is one of the greatest sources of human happiness. At the same time, I wish that the pleasure of not thinking were not so closely allied to it. At least, the pleasure should not be indulged in to the point of accepting as one's motto, "When Father says turn, we all turn." Not thinking is a luxury, and should be practised in moderation. I doubt whether the present world can afford it in excess.

Y. Y.

Miscellany

HAMPTON COURT

For David Gascoyne

THE marble Caesar who weeps his face away
There in the royal gardens by the royal river
Where in the summer
We talking walked the mazes of small dreams—
This Caesar now steps down into our day
Striped like a sabre-tooth with blood and anger,
Warsaw a fig in his jaw, death as his drummer,
Messerschmitts on his lips and in the dark
Buoy of his eye the knowledge of his crimes
Beating a seabell.

Nevertheless we shall walk and talk in the park
With a bird's verve over the pell mell,
Celebrating the human perennial and the
Sexual ecstacy of dialectics, marrying impossibles,
From whose bridal bed, the dovetailed tussle,
God's born again.

What can we do at the crux of blood but sleep
Ambered in visions, hung in the illstarred hammock
Kissing the wounds of miracles? Let me keep
Warm the hole in the breast from which I bleed,
Remembering this was struck by the hand of hope
Whose fallen angel face gnaws at my stomach
Riddling me with illusions. Now I shall remember
The Tudor Gardens, the girl-pleasing fountains,
The torn postcards in the lily pond,
And I shall speak of love on every 1st of September.

GEORGE BARKER

UNDER FOREIGN DISGUISE

EVERYONE knows that it is far from easy to get a room in an hotel.

I found that out to my cost when I went South for my holidays.

I landed from a steamer and called at one of the hotels. The doorkeeper there told me:

"People nowadays do such surprising things. As soon as the steamer arrives, they all come straight to us. As if we were a hotel, or something. We are a hotel, of course. But we have no empty rooms. We're absolutely chocka-block."

Then I decided upon a ruse. I went out into the street and devised a plan of campaign.

I had two pieces of luggage. One was an ordinary hamper, such as women carry, quite uninteresting to look at. The other was a fine fibre suitcase, quite new and smart as cases go.

I left my hamper with a newsvendor. Then I turned my raincoat inside out, so that the check lining came on top, pushed my cloth cap over my eyes, bought a cigar, took it between my teeth, and, looking as unnatural as I could, went back to the hotel.

"No use your coming in here," said the doorkeeper. "We have no rooms."

I spoke to him in a mixture of languages:

"Ein chambre-Zimmer? Jawohl?"

The doorkeeper stared, then mumbled to himself: "Lor! a foreigner has blown in!" and answered me also in a mixture of languages.

"Jawohl, jawohl! Yes, of course, we have ein chambre-Zimmer. Bitte-dritte, if you wait a moment, I'll find you one where there's fewest bedbugs."

I postured arrogantly before him, but in fact my knees were trembling.

The doorkeeper, showing off his knowledge of foreign tongues, continued:

"Pardon, monsieur, excuse my asking. Vous êtes from Germany, oder from somewhere different perhaps?"

"The devil take the fellow," I said to myself. "What if this son of a dog knows some German? And what if he suddenly bursts into German, expecting me to understand it?"

"No," I said. "Ich bin eine chambre-Zimmer, Spain. Comprenez? Spain. Pas-d'Espagne."

Then the doorkeeper seemed to go off his head completely.

"Oh, Lord!" he muttered, "can it be that we've got a Spaniard here? Wait a moment," he said to me. "Of course, of course I know . . . I've heard of Spain . . . pas-d'Espagne."

And I could see his hands were trembling. And my hands were trembling, too. Both our hands were trembling. We went on talking and trembling together.

I said to him in broken Spanish:

"Jawohl, bitte-zurbitte. Please take my case to my room as quickly as possible. We will talk about things afterwards."

"Jawohl, jawohl," answered the doorkeeper, "don't you worry."

Yet his greed was beginning to get the upper hand even then.

"How will you pay us?" he asked. "In foreign currency, or perhaps in our own money? That won't be so very good."

And he made signs with his fingers which even a foreigner could understand: little noughts and units, and other digits.

"I does not understand you," said I, to get rid of him. "Take my case upstairs at once, you son of a dog."

"If only I could get inside that room," I said to myself, "I wouldn't mind what happened afterwards. I would like to see them try to turn me out."

The doorkeeper seized my suitcase. He seized it with such zeal and energy that the lock burst, and my suitcase flew open.

My suitcase flew open and all sorts of rubbish fell out of it. Underclothes darned all over, a patched pair of pants, a cake of cheap soap, and other obviously home-produced rubbish.

The doorkeeper looked at my possessions, turned pale, and understood everything at once.

"Here, show your papers, you Spanish crook," he told me.

"I doesn't understand," said I. "But if you have no rooms, I'll go away."

The doorkeeper called the porter.

"Did you ever see such a thing? He tried to get in as a foreigner."

I made for the door, but the porter stopped me:

"Hi, comrade, come here. Don't be afraid. Tell us, do you really want a room as badly as all that?"

"I've been so sick on the steamer that I can hardly stand up," I told him. "I'm prepared to pay an entrance fee if only I'm allowed to lie down for an hour in a quiet room."

"We don't take tips," said the doorkeeper. "But if you need a room so badly, I can let you have it for nothing. Without charge. But there's no key to it. The room is locked and the key's lost. You'll have to pay fifteen roubles for the new key to be made. Or the locksmith will find an old key to fit the door. You'll have to pay him. That's all."

I paid fifteen roubles and was given the room.

In the evening I found out that the key of the room had never been lost, but that they merely made me pay fifteen roubles for the ordinary key which they had had all the time. My neighbour, who had paid them ten roubles in the same way, told me all about it. I had to pay five roubles more as a would-be Spaniard.

MICHAEL ZOSHCHENKO

(Translated by Elisaveta Fen)

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The First Days," at the Regal, and "The City," at Leicester Square, G.P.O. Film Unit Productions

The G.P.O. Film Unit has produced a short documentary of the war on the London Front. *The First Days* deals with the reorganisation of life in London in wartime, and the adaptation of its inhabitants to unfamiliar and unpleasant conditions. Happily there is nothing sensational to include in this film and most of the material is familiar: children being evacuated, A.R.P. personnel at work, barrage balloons, and troops in training. The photography, as in all films produced by Cavalcanti, is amazingly vital, but much of the effect is destroyed by a lugubrious and rather high-flown commentary spoken in accents more reminiscent of the B.B.C. than of the G.P.O.

An excellent example of the best work of the G.P.O. Film Unit, *The City*, is also being shown at the moment. It concerns traffic congestion in London, and the difficulties and discomforts of travel for workers and others caused by narrow streets and the lack of large arterial roads around and through London. Sir Charles Bressey has devised, with Sir Edwin Lutyens, a scheme to relieve the congestion which the film explains. Brilliantly photographed and with an amusing commentary, this is an example of the best kind of propaganda, and its methods could be profitably imitated in coming war films.

The London Group and the Goupil Gallery Salon at the New Burlington Galleries

The proportion of downright bad pictures at the London Group is this year considerably smaller than usual, because the size of the exhibition has been reduced. This is probably an advantage for the public, but the critic always hopes to find among the semi-amateurs who send to the group some interesting newcomers. Of these Winifred Pasmore seems the most promising; her little study, *The Pope*, based presumably on a photograph, is lively and painter-like. John Price, Nan Youngman and Bertha James are other signatures unknown to us that appear on pretty pictures. There are, as one might expect, good paintings by (in alphabetical order) Keith Baynes, Vanessa Bell, Vera Cunningham, Alison Debenham, Gertler, Ivon Hitchens, Morland Lewis, Kenneth Martin, Victor Pasmore, du Plessis, Graham Sutherland and Ethel Walker. Rodrigo Moynihan's landscape, thoughtfully planned and sensuously executed, possesses vitality as well as refinement. Whereas many pictures in the show can be praised as pleasing objects, this picture conveys an emotion. Robert Medley's version of a Doré costume piece is gay in colour and feeling. Frank Coombs shows one of his architectural pieces; an original, highly personal artist and an uncommonly good craftsman, he exhibits too rarely. Mr. Dunlop's *Yacht in Harbour* is attractive—he is eminently an uneven painter whose works do not gain by being assembled. Much the most impressive picture in the Exhibition, one is gloomily obliged to confess, is Duncan Grant's *Man Writing*—gloomily, because one would like to be able to recognise a similar mastery in less well-known artists. But the boldness and beauty of the paint in this work place it in a class apart.

The Goupil Gallery Salon provides thin fare in comparison with the London Group. A landscape by Lucien Pissarro and a portrait by Ethel Gabain are noticeably good, and the visitor's

attention is drawn to a Still Life by Rowland Suddaby, a gay picture of Le Lavandou by V. Sozonov, and two vigorously painted works by Celia Bedford and Hazel King-Farlow.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, November 11th—
Leonard Barnes: "The Uprising of Indian and Colonial Peoples," Conway Hall, 2.15.
Courtauld Sargent Concert, Queen's Hall, 2.30.
Council of Christian Pacifist Groups Meeting, Kingsway Hall, 3.
W.E.A. Saturday School, Barbara Wootton: "Fiction and Fact in Political Thinking," 3.30; Dr. Luetkens: "The International Situation," 6.30, Morley College.
Ballet Rambert, Mercury.

SUNDAY, November 12th—
Dr. Marie Jahoda: "Experiments in Community Living," Conway Hall, 11.
Beecham Sunday Concert, Queen's Hall, 2.45.
London Symphony Orchestra Concert, Streatham Hill Theatre, 2.45.
Reginald Bridgeman: "India To-day," 291 Finchley Road, 3.

TUESDAY, November 14th—
Hon. Harold Nicolson: "Pan Germanism," Birkbeck College, 1.15.
"Black Velvet," Hippodrome.
"Turn Up the Lights," Unity Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, November 15th—
Prof. J. B. S. Haldane: "Science in Modern War—Explosives," Birkbeck College, 1.15–2.
Opening of Exhibition and Sale of Austrian Kurstgewerbe, 132 Westbourne Terrace. Till Dec. 20.
An Art Exhibition organised by the British Institute of Adult Education will be opened by Sir Kenneth Clark, City Literary Institute, 3. Till Dec. 20.
Everyman's Concert, Rudolf Steiner Hall, 3.
"Saloon Bar," Wyndhams.

THURSDAY, November 16th—
Dr. C. E. M. Joad: "Progress—Its Fate and Prospects: The Contrast, Victorian Age and Twentieth Century," Birkbeck College, 1.15–2.
Prof. W. G. S. Adams: "The Deeper Causes of the War and the Issues Involved in It," Royal Empire Society, 2.
Royal Philharmonic Society Concert. Conductor: Sir Thomas Beecham, Queen's Hall, 2.30.
Prof. P. A. Buxton: "The Louse—Present Knowledge and Future Work," Manson House, 4.
India League Meeting; Speakers include Arthur Greenwood, Ellen Wilkinson and Wilfrid Roberts, Conway Hall, 6.45.
"Married for Money," Aldwych.

FRIDAY, November 17th—
Fabian Nursery meeting to discuss papers on "Democracy," 11 Dartmouth Street, 6.30.

Correspondence

PEACE AIMS

SIR,—By the time these words appear in print (that is if you are good enough to print them) the *Peace Aims* of the Labour Party will have been re-stated by Mr. Attlee. The correspondence which has raged in your columns has been headed "War Aims," but I use what I venture to suggest is a more accurate term.

Mr. Attlee's task will not be so difficult as that of the half-pitying critics of the Labour Party's official attitude to the present war, because our peace plan has been fully debated and decided upon at successive Labour Party Conferences; and neither the actual outbreak of war nor the Russian change of course can affect this policy.

But may I take up two points in the letters in your issue of November 4th: Mr. Pooley inquires how world disarmament is to be forced on Italy, Russia, Japan and the U.S.A.? The Soviet Government put forward a considered proposal for general disarmament at the Geneva Conference. Italy proposed the abolition of all battleships at the Five Power Naval Conference in 1930. There has always been a strong movement for the general limitation of armaments in the United States, and financial conditions in Japan should encourage a similar movement there. Indeed, Japan was a party to the most successful limitation of armaments conference of all, that of Washington in 1921, and in carrying out the agreement scrapped her brand new super-dreadnoughts. We shall need arms for some time to come, just as the police have them in reserve in even the most civilised countries; and if these arms can be federally controlled, so much the better.

I must not ask for space to answer Mr. Wilfred Wellock's letter in the same issue, except to enquire how he proposes we should secure Socialist Governments in Britain and France in time to affect present international politics? My former colleague would do us a great service if he would explain just how this is to be done, short of revolutionary action, which I do not gather he advocates. In the meantime, the vigilance and power of the Labour Opposition in the British Parliament permits Mr. Wellock to be at liberty, and your journal to publish his letters.

One other consideration for the general debate I would venture to put forward. At least a majority of the German people, especially the younger generation, support the Nazi regime to-day as they supported the Prussian regime in 1914, 1870, 1866 and 1864. Is not this partly due to the legend of *Prussian* invincibility? Both Nazi and German Nationalist propaganda for the last twenty years has been directed towards persuading the German people that they were not defeated in the field in 1914, but betrayed by Democrats, Pacifists, Communists and Jews. For the sake of the German people themselves, and particularly the great numbers of Germans who detest Hitlerism, this legend should be destroyed. A premature armistice leading to a super-Munich would strengthen this Prussian legend. STRABOLGI

Iddesleigh House,
Caxton Street, S.W.1.

SIR,—In your issue of October 21st Mr. J. M. Keynes argues that it would be unwise at this moment for the British Government to define its peace terms precisely. His argument is that at some future moment what he calls a reasonably satisfactory compromise peace may become possible. By stating now our ideal peace terms, says Mr. Keynes, we may make a reasonably satisfactory compromise peace impossible later on. But does this necessarily follow? There is, surely, nothing dishonourable, having stated your views of the ideal, in subsequently admitting that the ideal cannot be attained in practice; nothing dishonourable in bargaining, if and when an opportunity for genuine negotiation occurs, provided that you do not give up what you consider to be the minimum conditions for an honourable peace. The ideal can surely be the more easily attained by having in mind some picture of what constitutes it. Even if events make its complete attainment impossible to publish to-day a detailed and positive statement of our ideal peace terms might help to bring about later on the compromise peace Mr. Keynes would favour in certain circumstances. For in any case a statement of this kind should help our cause not only with neutral peoples but also with the German people. The German people must not be put into the position of sticking to Hitler, not because they have any positive enthusiasm for him, but because they fear that their only alternatives are either Bolshevism or another Versailles. It is surely the duty of the British and French Governments to put before them an acceptable third alternative.

Over and over again in the last few years the following piece of history has repeated itself. Hitler makes a speech, tremendously publicised, in an atmosphere tense with expectancy. The speech contains proposals. Many of them, no doubt, are vague or obscure or deliberately treacherous. But at any rate seemingly positive proposals are made which the rest of the world either ignores or summarily rejects. Hitler is then able to turn round to his own people and say in effect: "You can clearly see that I have done my best; for whatever disasters follow the rejection of my proposals not I but the foreigners are to blame." Is not the only effective way of countering propaganda of this kind for positive proposals always to be made first on the other side, if necessary always on the day before it is known that Hitler is to speak? Must the whole world always be kept hanging on the lips of a Fascist dictator rather than some great democratic leader? Is it not usually an advantage in propaganda and in diplomacy to take the initiative, and is not the present moment quite certainly one for taking it in this sphere with courage and with imagination? FRANK HARDIE

23 Taviton Street, W.C.1.

LABOUR AND NATIONAL SOCIALISM

SIR,—In your last issue, Mr. Wilfred Wellock asserts that the powerful Nazi Youth Organisations are permeated with the spirit of Socialism.

No doubt Mr. Wellock has had an opportunity, as I have had, of studying the Nazi Movement at first hand, otherwise he would not have been moved to make the statement referred to.

I can only say that we have come to a different conclusion. Happily, young Socialists in this country are encouraged to enter into free discussion on all points of political controversy. Such opportunity is denied the members of the Hitler Youth Organisations. To my mind, this difference is of fundamental importance. Indeed, to suggest that you can have "a spirit of Socialism" in an organisation which bans free discussion, is an insult to the pioneers of the Socialist Movement.

Mr. Wellock can be assured that Britain's Socialist Youth Movement has no intention of modelling its activities on the basis favoured in Nazi Germany. Service for the State by no means entitles a youth organisation to be paid the compliment that it is permeated with Socialism. JOHN HUDDLESTON

The Labour Party,
Transport House,
Smith Square, S.W.1.

SIR,—Mr. Wilfred Wellock considers that the British Labour Movement should "concentrate on the creation of Socialist Governments in Britain and France in order to co-operate with National Socialist Germany and Russia in reorganising the economic life of Europe." This *volte-face* on the part of the British and French Socialist Parties is justified, in his opinion, by the failure of capitalism to "practise the economics of abundance, whereas the collectivism of National Socialist Germany and Russia does provide a basis for scientific reorganisation on co-operative lines of the economic life of Europe."

Mr. Wellock's thesis is based on a number of assumptions, which may be summarised as follows:

(1) The U.S.S.R. and Nazi Germany are *really* Socialist States, i.e. their internal organisation and their foreign policy are founded on the happiness and prosperity of the vast majority of their citizens and are not concerned with power-politics or the extension of national territory.

(2) Consequently, the ordinary man and woman has the opportunity of a freer and happier life, with a higher standard of living, than they have in the western capitalist democracies.

(3) The ghastly cruelty and oppression of the enemies, real or supposed, of the totalitarian régimes are only "distasteful elements," which we cannot afford to take into account because, one must assume, they are a necessary means of building up these (allegedly) Socialist communities.

(4) A totalitarian régime in this country is the inevitable consequence of a long war, but would not be likely to result from co-operation with these two totalitarian States!

These are, I think, Mr. Wellock's main assumptions. Will he kindly enlighten us as to what foundations he has for them? Does he *really* believe that States, which have pursued and still are pursuing, policies of aggression on all their weaker neighbours —Czechoslovakia, Poland, Finland—will *co-operate* with this or any other country except on the basis of maintaining and extending their own power? Will Nazi Germany *co-operate* in restoring the independence of Czechoslovakia or Stalin's Russia in giving back its freedom to Estonia? Will either of these countries permit their citizens of every creed and race to live securely and in freedom?

Finally, the British Labour Party has always regarded Hitlerism and all that it implies as *the* enemy of Democracy and Socialism with which no truce is possible. Has Mr. Wellock adopted the Communist thesis that, because Hitler has found it convenient to come to an agreement with Stalin for a Russo-German condominium in East-Central Europe, he has somehow or other found salvation, become a good Socialist with whom all faithful adherents of Moscow must be proud to co-operate? British Socialism has always abjured the Jesuitical opportunism practised by the Russian Government. If now the Labour Party adopted Mr. Wellock's policy it would condemn itself to speedy extinction.

28 East St. Helens, J. L. ETTY
Abingdon.

BUTTER OR GUNS?

SIR,—While I have the highest respect for Sir William Beveridge as an economist, as a chemist I feel that the article to which Mr. Cole refers in your last issue is misleading. Sir William Beveridge makes the statement that "fats are an indispensable element in the making of propellants," and he goes on to infer that the shortage of fats in Germany is in large part due to an increased production of this type of explosive.

The standard propellant used by the British Army in 1914–1918 was cordite, consisting of a mixture of nitrocellulose and nitroglycerine. The glycerine for the manufacture of the latter was in the main derived from animal or vegetable fats. Propellants were used by other Powers, however, which contained no nitroglycerine, and fats were in no way essential to their manufacture. The American Army, for example, used a propellant known as N.C.T. which was a pure nitrocellulose powder. While less powerful than cordite, necessitating rather larger charges, it had certain advantages of its own which caused it to be preferred by the Americans, who incidentally were not short of glycerine. In 1918 the Germans were using propellants containing no nitroglycerine, and a plain nitrocellulose powder was used by the British to some extent in small arms ammunition.

I have no knowledge of the exact composition of the propellants used by the belligerents to-day, but if it was possible to dispense with the use of glycerine in 1918, it is likely that it is easier to do so now, and I should be very much surprised if the Germans have not taken the obvious precaution of introducing propellants which can be manufactured without any call on their fat resources.

I suggest that the fat shortage in Germany has been caused by the exchange position, and that the demand for explosives has very little to do with it. W. H. DIMSDALE

18 Well Walk, Hampstead, N.W.3.

EDUCATING EVACUEES

SIR,—To enable your readers to get a balanced view of the educational position of Evacuees, the case of my School, a Secondary School of normally 550 boys, may be of use.

Thanks to the efficiency of the Evacuation service we left an hour earlier than schedule time on Saturday, September 2nd. This seemed promising but proved to be the beginning of trouble, for the train, instead of going to X where we were presumably expected, went to Y where we were certainly not expected, and there we were detrained, enbussed, and carried out to villages in the neighbourhood. We were welcomed by the people who had feared slum children and were obviously relieved at getting Secondary Schoolboys who, superficially, did not appear verminous. But this welcome was tempered by reluctance to take men's size in boys at 8*s.* 6*d.* a week.

When we had time to establish contacts we discovered that the nearest Secondary Schools were nine miles distant, and that there was not a decent Elementary School in the neighbourhood. We are distributed haphazardly over four villages and are doing our best to carry on Secondary education in village halls, Church and Chapel Sunday Schoolrooms, etc., without desks, or blackboards.

As almost every week a new hope of moving has arisen we have no proper supplies of text books, etc., and are living from day to day. The uncertainty of our state makes proper organisation impossible, even if there were any suitable accommodation available, and adds to our billeting difficulties, so that my staff spends a large proportion of its time persuading unwilling householders to take boys.

This last week everything was ready for a move, but at the last moment the move was cancelled by telegram, so now we are resigned to staying here at any rate until Christmas. Meanwhile the hundred new entrants who should have joined the School in September are distributed over England with their respective elementary schools. Safety first may be the appropriate slogan, but effected in this way the result for Secondary education will be disastrous. HEADMASTER

REVIEWERS

SIR,—Grateful as I am to Y. Y. for his courteous article on my pamphlet, *Reviewing*, may I express my regret that in his anxiety to convict me of the crime of burying the reviewer alive, he has ignored the resurrection service that followed the obsequies? Had I been, as Y. Y. asserts, "contemptuous" of the louse—Dickens's word, not mine—I should not have devoted several pages to an attempt, however feeble, to preserve him. I am a louse myself, and well aware of it; but if, as I infer from Y. Y.'s eulogy, the rest of my colleagues are gay little crickets chirruping about the house to their own content, the public good and under conditions that would delight a sanitary inspector, I withdraw every word and keep both contempt and pity for myself. In the same issue of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, however, I note that Mr. John Mair begins his review: "What is a

reviewer to say when faced with a batch of thoroughly dull novels? The conscientious critics of the national press crowd infinite boredom in a single column, and briefly outline the plots of a dozen books, say 'brilliant,' and pass on to the next. Another, less responsible school, abandon at once duty and discretion, and, like the beaver biting off his stones . . ." But I must not crowd all the animals in the Zoo upon your limited space, nor try again to remedy what is, so obviously, a completely satisfactory state of things.

VIRGINIA WOOLF

OLD AGE PENSIONS

SIR,—Pending the decision in the 1941 budget to increase the old age pensions from 10*s.* to 10*s.* 9¾*d.*, there is one method of alleviating the lot of these unfortunate people. The pensioners will receive ration coupons for bacon and butter, etc. and in many cases will be unable to utilise them. More happily circumstanced people would be glad to obtain extra supplies, and I suggest that the pensioners sell their claims to the highest bidders. The pensioners would have to forgo bacon and butter, but they would increase their demand over other commodities, with the paradoxical result that sheer inability to exist on 10*s.* might raise the income to 15*s.* Social workers could organise the collection and open sale of the coupons and I am prepared to demonstrate that there is nothing unpatriotic, uneconomic or undesirable in such a procedure. To clinch the argument however I would point out that in default of some such arrangement extra supplies will fall into the hands of Cabinet Ministers and wicked grocers.

London, N.2. G. L. SCHWARTZ

MRS. MINIVER

SIR,—Mr. E. M. Forster's name and the admiration we all feel for his work necessarily make any views expressed by him of importance. But surely his criticisms of Mrs. Miniver in your last week's issue are less than fair.

None of us can control the accident of our birth, and his complaint that the lady in question has neither the recklessness of the aristocrat nor of the working man seems a little beside the mark. We poor folk who belong to the middle classes know we are always fair game for attack. But whatever our walk in life, if we are to walk in it with head erect, does not the secret lie in bringing a right sense of values to our circumstances whatever they may be?

Mrs. Miniver is dear to many of us because she reveals so fine a sense of quality in the little things of existence. She moves among trifles with ease, dignity and humour. In so doing she drives home the truth that not in circumstances but in our own reaction to circumstances lies the secret of great living—that nothing in fact need be dull but ourselves.

Browning in his cry "say not a small event, why small?" was surely nearer the truth on this occasion than Mr. Forster. From Mrs. Miniver, countless readers have drawn courage and cheerfulness in meeting the small rubs and frets which wait on the daily path of all alike, whether that path be lowly, exalted, or just commonplace. The tears, the humour, the small irritations, the small joys—these things she has handled with a touch of genius. Mr. Forster must pardon me if I say that his desire "to splutter a little smut" in the presence of these things is a reaction wholly incomprehensible to anyone like myself to whom "The Celestial Omnibus" is a standing joy and refreshment of spirit.

8 Gower Street, Bloomsbury. VIOLET MARKHAM

FORD MADOX FORD

SIR,—"College Pop" critics—those cadets of the establishment whom W. B. Yeats used to refer to as the "clever little people"—always had their knives into Ford, while he was alive. Now that he is dead, after nearly half a century of ill-rewarded achievement, some of your readers may agree with me in wishing that he could have been spared the rather unfair "ticking off" which Mr. Edward Sackville West has seen fit to accord him in your columns. For the heading, "A Bore to End Bores" Mr. West may not be responsible, but he is certainly responsible for the statement that Ford's *The March of Literature* is "the kind of book which will enable a young man in a hurry to mug up the subject, with a view to a pass degree." With all respect to Mr. West, I must beg leave to point out that not only is this, to but it baldly, not true—his own "sottisier" disproves it—but it is calculated to give an entirely erroneous idea of the work he is purporting to describe. Whatever may be its merits and demerits, *The March*

NEW STATESMAN PAMPHLET

War Aims

by G. D. H. COLE

56 pages. **Sixpence**

"If the man in the street is asked why Great Britain went to war with Nazi Germany, he will probably answer 'To stop Hitler.'" Mr. Cole begins his pamphlet with these words and goes on to explain why 'stopping Hitler' is not enough as a definition of Allied War Aims, especially since Stalin's intervention makes it seem possible that our Government might find itself committed to try 'stopping Stalin' as well. After a discussion of the disastrous errors of policy which have led up to the present situation, the pamphlet proceeds to a careful consideration of the attitude and policy of the Soviet Union, and of the chances of various kinds of revolution in Germany itself. The possibilities of a revolution made by the Army leaders, of 'Brown Bolshevism,' and of a democratic Socialist Revolution in Germany are considered in turn; and the conclusion is drawn that the only real chance of sustained peace in Europe lies in the victory of the democratic forces inside Germany, and that accordingly to help this kind of German Revolution should be the principal objective of British and French policy.

The latter half of the pamphlet is concerned with the conditions of a durable European settlement. Mr. Cole comes down on the side of a system of European Federation, based on close economic collaboration and a complete pooling of colonial possessions under an international authority. The economic requirements of such a federation are carefully considered, and also its relation to America and the Far East and the Soviet Union.

Throughout, the author argues strongly that if we are to win a victory for democracy we must wage war by democratic methods, both internationally and in our internal affairs. Rejecting Hitler's 'peace offer' as providing no possible foundation for a durable peace, he nevertheless urges that we should be prepared to negotiate, provided negotiations are conducted openly and neutrals as well as belligerents take part in them. Finally, he calls for a clear declaration of Allied War Aims in order to prove to the doubters at home and, what is even more important, to the German people that the war is being fought not for British imperialism or the preservation of the 'balance of power,' but for a real and lasting settlement in which all the peoples of Europe will be enabled to co-operate on equal terms.

At all bookstalls and newsagents or from the publishers

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

of Literature is nothing if not personal, iconoclastic and provocative. It is the only book of its kind, so far as I am aware, which has ever been produced by a creative writer, actively engaged in working at his art. As such it blows the "professorial" type of literary history, on which students are obviously bound to rely if they want degrees, into clouds of dust. Like most original and essentially first-rate men, Ford occasionally flopped, sometimes badly. It is the clever, second-hand critics and the accomplished hacks who turn out "delicious middles," who never endanger their salaries by providing material for a "sottisier." But at his best, how amazingly good he is!

Ford was never a fashionable author in Bloomsbury circles and it is true that, at present, his reputation stands higher among "fairly intelligent Americans"—who, it may be noted, are producing rather more than "fairly intelligent" novels—than among his compatriots. As he was not personally acquainted with many of our younger writers—a fact which may account for the singularly mean and ill-informed obituary notices in which his death was announced in a section of the English press—perhaps I may be excused for describing how he struck one, at least, of his younger contemporaries. I knew Ford well, respected and admired him and was privileged to enjoy his friendship for thirty years. Although admittedly biased to this extent, I am certainly not alone in regarding him as one of the most distinguished and variously gifted men of letters of our time. He was a great editor, a critic whose discernment is proved by the number of rising talents whose worth he was the first to discover and appreciate, an admirable novelist and a poet of rare accomplishment. As a man, it would be idle to deny that he had many childish faults. Who hasn't? They made him an easy target for his enemies and the helpless victim of every groundling endowed with more malice than insight. But the qualities which endeared him to his intimates, apart from the wide range of his intellect, were his boundless generosity, his breadth of mind, his lack of petty jealousy, his fine sense of values and his passion for the art of literature and the cause of civilisation. In the truest meaning of the word, Ford was an "aristo." I hope a more august and talented pen than mine will some day do him justice.

DOUGLAS GOLDRING

A PLEA

"Internationalism . . . is a cert."—E. M. Forster in *The New Statesman and Nation*, Nov. 4th.

OH, Mr. Forster
What shall I do?
I'm used to it from journalists
But I'm deeply shocked at *you*.

Leave abbreviations
To those they cannot hurt
But, oh, Mr. Forster,
Don't sink yourself to "cert."

S. C. R.

A PSYCHOLOGICAL AID CENTRE

SIR,—May I be permitted to call your readers' attention to the opening of a temporary Psychological Aid Centre at the London Clinic of Psycho-analysis.

Owing to war emergency conditions a number of psychological clinics have either been put out of action for the time being or have been compelled to move from the centre of London. In addition a large number of psychotherapeutists have been absorbed by the emergency organisations of the Ministry of Health in order to deal with mental casualties that may occur during air raids. The inevitable result is that those who are afflicted with neurotic or other psychological difficulties and are nevertheless compelled by circumstances to remain in London have less chance than ever of securing expert treatment. Not only so, the conditions under which they exist, e.g., "black-out" and other restrictions, to say nothing of grave economic insecurity, etc., are calculated to increase their tendency to suffer from psychological crises. Already a number of "siren" phobias and "black-out" anxieties or depressions have made their appearance in the consulting-room.

To meet this urgent and increasing need the London Clinic of Psycho-analysis has organised three consultation units which will function on Mondays at 2 p.m., Wednesdays at 3 p.m. and Fridays at 2 p.m. Emergency treatment will be given for nervous crises and other psychological difficulties which do not come within the scope of the official "casualty" organisations. The psycho-analytical services of the Clinic will remain as before, psycho-analytical consultations being given on Tuesdays at 5 p.m.

I feel sure that many of your readers who are interested in psychological developments in wartime will be able to render us material service by making the above facts as widely known as possible.

EDWARD GLOVER, M.D.,
Director.

London Clinic of Psycho-analysis,
96 Gloucester Place, W.1.

WHAT DID THEY DIE FOR?

SIR,—Miss Beatrice Cox upbraids me for not understanding the Communist position. She seems to argue that (1) it was right to fight "for the Spanish Republic and all that it stood for" against Fascist and Nazi aggression; (ii) it is folly to fight for Britain and all that it stands for against Nazi aggression. Anyone who defends this country, she argues, and thinks he is fighting for freedom and democracy is just a dupe.

This seems to me arrant nonsense of a type unpleasantly common among "progressive" Englishmen and Englishwomen. Though it sounds horribly patriotic—and no "progressive" person can stand patriotism—I would suggest that in Britain to-day, in spite of the war, there is far more of the spirit and practice of democracy than there ever was in Republican Spain. The Civil War in Spain was an heroic attempt to achieve freedom; our war to-day is in defence of liberties won by long struggles. I suspect that many Spaniards envy us the liberties which Miss Cox describes so contemptuously as "springes to catch woodcocks"; and despise those English people who can only read the word freedom when it is written in Spanish, Abyssinian, Czech, Russian, or Chinese.

RICHARD COVENTRY

BEST SELLERS

SIR,—Messrs. Allen and Unwin tell me that your reviewer blames them for omitting my name from the title page of *Best Sellers: Are They Born or Made?* Will you please let me say that Messrs. Allen and Unwin reluctantly agreed to this omission at my request? Whereas the two important sections of *Best Sellers* are new, my contribution is only the reprint of an ante-diluvian article, first published twenty years ago in the American *Bookman*. It has no novelty, and the use of my name on the title page would have been misleading.

FRANK SWINNERTON

Old Tokefield, Cranleigh, Surrey.

MRS. FITZHERBERT

SIR,—Mr. Ralph Partridge, in his discerning review of *Mrs Fitzherbert*, calls me to task for omitting an index. This appears to be an unpardonable lapse on my part for I have always subscribed to the epigram that "A book without an Index should be placed on the Index."

When I promised an Index for a second volume of documents, I believed I had the right to combine the indexes of both volumes, though war emergencies have postponed what should have been the second and simultaneous volume.

SHANE LESLIE

The Cottage-in-the-Park,
Brede, Sussex.

CONCENTRATION CAMPS

SIR,—For several years thousands of men and women in this country have carried with them every hour of the day a bitter consciousness of what was going on inside the Concentration Camps of Germany. Anyone who raised the matter in Parliament was snubbed—"I cannot get excited about other forms of government" were the words used by Mr. Chamberlain. Now he is so excited about the form known as democracy that he is prepared to go to war for it and to publish a White Paper dealing with the very facts about which a year ago he could not get excited. The *Times* has the impudence to bring out a poster on which the word "revelations" is used. The facts concerning the Concentration Camps are not revelations; they are merely facts which the *Times* has usually chosen to minimise or ignore for reasons of high policy.

Twelve months ago it was not quite nice to mention Concentration Camps at the best dinner tables; people got a little hot round the collar. It is these same people who will be roused to fury by the headlines in the British Press this morning. May I remind them that the Baldwin Fund is not closed?

36 Bedford Square, W.C.1. R. FURNEAUX JORDAN

Current Literature

THREE QUEENS

Mary Queen of Scots. By M. P. WILLCOCKS. *Allen and Unwin.* 12s. 6d.

Little Madam: A Biography of Henrietta Maria. By JANET MACKAY. *Bell.* 15s.

Catherine of Aragon. By FRANCESCA CLAREMONT. *Robert Hale.* 15s.

If one reads in succession these three agreeable biographies, it is really hardly possible to avoid contrasting the subjects. Yet on the whole it seems a matter for comparison rather than contrast, for in their fervid piety, their dignity and the intricacy of the webs of circumstance in which they each in turn became enmeshed, there is not much to choose between these three Queens. Henrietta Maria stands out, perhaps, as having a firmer, a more wanton hand in her own undoing than either Catherine of Aragon or Mary Stuart in theirs; and then, of course, Mary alone of the three possessed subtlety and judgment. There can be few literary tasks more courageous than to take on the writing of yet another life of Mary Queen of Scots, that unconscionably elusive woman whose capacity for fascination, so feared by Elizabeth in her lifetime, has survived her own death intact. Yet for all the books about her, it is still strangely hard to imagine just what Mary Stuart can have been like: and one turns eagerly to a new biography for fresh illumination, especially when it is a biography as pleasantly illustrated as Miss Willcocks. But Miss Willcocks, in spite of a wealth of lively if picturesque detail, and a constant stress on the essential femininity of her subject, leaves us rather in the air as to what she thinks, and wants us to think, of Mary. She evidently knows her Scotland well, and we wander comfortably down the well-trodden path of Mary's life, with its all too familiar landmarks—Stirling, Holyrood, Kirk o' Field, Carberry Hill, and then, Bolton, Sheffield, Tutbury, Fotheringhay. In her preface the writer claims that by incorporating the researches of Major-General Mahon and Mr. Robert Gore-Brown into the circumstances of the Darnley murder and the character of Bothwell respectively, she is able to present us with a "new Mary" and a "new Bothwell"; a Mary "who is no Messalina . . . but a woman through and through." But though Bothwell does emerge full-blooded from her pages, Mary herself remains a trifle indeterminate; and, too, by concentrating on these main figures, Miss Willcocks has somehow let the general political background slip a little too far back. The factions and groupings of the Scottish lords—confused and variable enough, God knows, and deeply problematical at the time—become inchoate, as dim and shadowy indeed as the high dark halls of Holyrood itself. Like many of those who believe in Mary's innocence of Darnley's death, Miss Willcocks begs a question that one does not often see answered. If Mary did *not* connive in the murder, then, in heaven's name, why not? To have Darnley killed, or to let Bothwell or the Douglases kill him, was for her the surest way out of her disastrous marriage. His part in the murder of Rizzio, his generally subversive activities, his irresponsibility, the syphilitic pox he had newly contracted (and which forced him to hide his scarred and pitted face behind a taffeta mask)—surely all these must cumulatively have made his removal exquisitely wanted? As for the moral issue, what reason is there to suppose that Mary Stuart, with her Guise blood and Valois upbringing, would, in that strong age of poisons, sorcery and princely assassination, have jibbed at such a suitable crime? Even Major-General Mahon's important discoveries cannot irrefutably dispose of the suspicions aroused by Mary's movements on the night of February 9th: the hasty conference with Bothwell, the failure to return as she had said she would return, to Darnley's room at Kirk o' Field. The narrative of that day and night is most dramatically told by Miss Willcocks, though she wastes scant sympathy on Darnley, to her a self-pitying weakling, "desiring" his wife. Darnley is one of the maltreated figures of history. There is an extreme pathos about his famous letter to Mary, pleading his youth, and what he plaintively called his "heart of wax," contrasting it with her "diamond heart." One can see what he meant. It was just that diamond quality that must have made Mary so much more difficult to deal with than her admirers possibly would admit, and to be married to the diamond-hearted Queen was most difficult of all. In her sketches of Scottish scenery, her accounts of the Rizzio and Darnley murders, and of Bothwell's Norwegian wife, Anna Trondesson (the real authoress, as she shows, of the casket sonnets, which Brantôme thought too paltry to be by Mary herself) Miss Willcocks is very fluent; altogether she has provided a biography of Mary which is easy to read and up to date.

Miss Mackay, in dealing with Queen Henrietta Maria, has succeeded in giving an actual and convincing picture. But then Henrietta Maria was anything but an enigma. Petulant, authoritarian, pious, heroic and not a little querulous, Charles I's Queen does not pose many psychological problems. As devotional and as gay, as brave and as tenacious, as Mary Stuart, she is at the same time fundamentally far less interesting. Had she been faced with Mary's difficulties she would, one suspects, have acted with greater impetuosity. Even in old age she remained unsubtle (alienating Charles II and his advisers), and when as a child, and a spoilt child, she first came to England, and found herself confronted with a melancholy little husband, gloomy London palaces, lack of money, undeferential subjects, and a favourite as impudent as Buckingham, she reacted with extreme and hysterical violence, and she made no effort to hide her reactions. The novelty of Miss Mackay's book (which suffers under a most handicapping title) lies in the use she has made of contemporary memoirs, chiefly those of the Comte de Tillieres, the French Ambassador in London during the first years of the marriage. Previous historians, she admits, have pinned small faith to the veracity of these memoirs; but Miss Mackay justly suggests that in the trivialities they retail lurks the explanation of much of Henrietta Maria's failure to adjust herself to England. Like Miss Willcocks, Miss Mackay is apt under the pressure of the personalities of her leading characters—in this case Charles I and his Queen—to lose her grip on the broad sweep of the political events and tendencies of that extremely political age. She thoroughly understands her heroine, but when she comes to the Court and Parliament she seems on less certain ground. Her comment, for example, on page 250 that "as if to emphasise their rising sense of power, within one week the parliamentary judges executed Archbishop Laud and Sir John Hotham and his son" is typical. The position of the Archbishop, and the significance of his execution, could surely be stated more explicitly; and nowhere in the book does one find any real estimate of the power of Laud's influence and unpopularity upon the Caroline scene. Lady Carlisle, too, Pym, even Strafford come and go in a somewhat wraithlike way; and when we are brought to the Fronde and Parisian politics Miss Mackay's analysis is very nearly helter-skelter. Her picture of Catholicism seeping into the Court circle through the Papal representative and the Queen's chapel at Somerset House could not be bettered, but her quick-time sketch of Charles I's childhood environment is not so good. It is doubtful, one would think, that James I's nickname for his son—"Baby Charles"—was contemptuous rather than affectionate, and in presenting the old King as a mere predatory homosexual dotard, with Queen Anne a complaisant party to his amours, Miss Mackay is unquestionably inaccurate. In repeating the conventional view of James and Buckingham, she wholly ignores the beautifully balanced opinions of Dr. David Mathew in his *Jacobean Age* (that work of real scholarship published last year) and his finding that all the evidence available tends to show that Anne of Denmark did not patronise any favourite before Buckingham, and that her warm benevolence towards him himself is an important reason for the safe assumption that his relationship with the King was technically platonic. But to balance this misinterpretation there is Miss Mackay's delightful re-creation of Henrietta Maria's early years—the formal royal christenings, the perpetual stiffened atmosphere of children in brocade. Far more than Mary Stuart's, Henrietta Maria's life contained all the elements of drama, and she handled it as such herself, heading with bravado her relieving army, and crying out in a sinking ship "But Queens of England do not drown!" There is a fullness about the cycle of her experiences that is deeply satisfying, and after such tempests of tragedy her tranquil death in her sleep at Colombe seems right. Miss Mackay's book is vivid, and one leaves it grateful to her for having introduced one so intimately and amiably to this spirited little Bourbon Queen.

Catherine of Aragon is not a woman whose memory inspires any enthusiasm. It may be, as her new biographer believes, that her personality has been overshadowed by that of her husband—and one might add of Cardinal Wolsey and Anne Boleyn; or equally it might be that she had not much personality at all. Yet the odds favour the first conclusion: the daughter of Isabella the Catholic, the mother of Mary Tudor, a woman who could help

to organise the victory of Flodden (urging her men to fight because " the Lord smiled upon those that stood in defence of their own and . . . they should remember that English courage excelled that of all other nations "), can have been no coronoted cypher. Her bearing later, when miserably ill and harried by Papal legates and Court emissaries, she refused to change her mind over the divorce, shows superb determination. Miss Francesca Claremont has chosen to write Catherine's life, she tells us, because she was fascinated by Catherine's history as a child ; and she does manage fairly credibly to show that Catherine was more fascinating than you might think. The first part of the book deals with the ancestry of the Queen, her parents and grandparents, with the Alhambra, the Moorish wars, the turgid Spanish world in which she was reared. Miss Claremont sees Catherine's main problem as an inability to adapt herself to Renaissance England, as against Medieval Spain ; yet is there not a danger of exaggerating the Renaissance aspect of Henry VII's reign, and the utter medievalism of the Spain of Ferdinand and Isabella ? To a great extent Catherine of Aragon is the explanation of Anne Boleyn : the stone-floor piety, the swarthy Spanish pride, must have made Catherine, for all her saintliness and intelligence, occasionally irksome. I wonder whether in her own way she was not as awkward and as exasperating as either Mary Stuart or Henrietta Maria ? With no wish to mock or to malign these three essentially tragic and noble women, one might well ponder on what their effect on other people may have been. Is it not time that someone spoke up for Darnley and Lord Shrewsbury, for Buckingham, Anne of Austria, and Lady Carlisle, for Queen Anne Boleyn ?

But these three books are not especially partisan. Their faults are common to all of them, or more properly to the colourful class of biography to which they belong ; if they lack anything specific it is perhaps individuality, for indeed the similarity of style and approach gives one a rather uneasy feeling that any one of these lives might have been written by the author of any one of the others.

JAMES POPE-HENNESSY

THE MIDDLE-CLASS REVOLUTION

After the Deluge : A Study of Communal Psychology. By LEONARD WOOLF. Vol. 2. *Hogarth Press.* 15*s.*

The first volume of Mr. Woolf's *Study of Communal Psychology* appeared eight years ago. It was an examination of the meaning and development of those democratic ideas which were expressed in the French Revolution of 1789 and which in one form and another have formed the intellectual basis of Western democracy during the last century. Mr. Woolf showed how in the crumbling feudal structure of the *ancien régime* the ideas that the individual had the right to liberty, equality and the pursuit of happiness overcame the idea of obedience to arbitrary government and clerical and feudal authority. He was mainly concerned with that most interesting of all historical problems—the relation o ideas to economic forces. A writer like Taine could discuss the French Revolution as if it was purely a product of Voltairean and Encyclopaedist teaching, and most of the nineteenth century historians were satisfied with a similarly idealistic theory. Dicey's *Law and Opinion*, for instance, assumes that Jeremy Bentham evolved certain ideas which were accepted by his disciples who persuaded other people of their truth and proceeded to transform nineteenth-century England in accordance with those ideas. At the extreme other end of the scale some Marxist writers discuss the eighteenth century purely in terms of the class struggle between the bourgeoisie and the feudal aristocracy ; they talk as if Voltaire, Rousseau, Tom Paine, Adam Smith and Bentham were products of their age and not also creators of the next. Mr. Woolf stands between these two schools. In his view it is impossible to say which comes first, the economic or the ideological. " Communal Psychology " is a resultant of the mixture of economic and psychological forces and he refuses to weight one against the other. I believe myself that he could go farther in the analysis ; that Marx was right in believing that the structure of society is primarily determined by the stage of technical advance which it has reached ; that the economic structure dictates the selection that society makes from its supply of thinkers and writers ; but that the form in which the dominant thinkers put their theories has an immense influence on everything except the fundamental question of what class is in supremacy. In a word, economic forces had determined that the nineteenth century should be dominated by the middle class, but the forms which this domination took were highly important, and were largely the results of the industry of Jeremy Bentham and his disciples. One could take a hundred illustrations. Neither the mystical conservatism of Coleridge nor the communal anarchism of Godwin could blossom on nineteenth-century soil ; society, in the main, listened only to writers who accepted middle-class democracy and what they said had a profound effect on the way in which that democracy functioned.

In this second volume Mr. Woolf confines himself to a study of the British revolution in 1832 and the French revolution of 1830. In 1789 liberty and equality had a trial run, and any historian writing in 1799, when the revolution came to an end, would have written off democracy as a proved failure. The idea of democracy, however, developed, and filled the minds of the men who overthrew the Bourbon reaction in 1830, and of the Englishmen who defeated the House of Lords and pushed through the Reform Bill in 1832. To show how these ideas had developed, Mr. Woolf analyses Brougham's famous speech on the Reform Bill, and Guizot's reflections during the same period. Both men, and indeed all their middle-class contemporaries, had accepted the thesis of liberty and equality ; both feared its full application to all classes of society. Therefore both identified " the people " with the middle class, and decided that the ideas of democracy were best fulfilled by a franchise limited to groups of property holders. Mr. Woolf analyses the dilemma of the nineteenth century as being the theory of democracy, which includes all classes, in conflict with this middle-class limitation. How believe in liberty and equality and yet keep the class structure of society ? How justify the conception of equal rights and yet limit the franchise and refuse economic as well as political liberty ? Mr. Woolf tells the story with his usual clarity and insight ; he is good to read because he is interested in the ideas behind facts rather than in the facts themselves and because he is a well-read and thoughtful rather than an erudite historian.

Towards the end of his book, Mr. Woolf touches on an interesting and neglected point. The middle class could succeed with the minimum of violence in France in 1830 because the army maintained the middle-class tradition of Napoleon. Mr. Woolf remarks that it is strange that in most countries (Switzerland is the obvious exception) nineteenth-century democrats were willing to leave the army so much in aristocratic hands. Perhaps in a later volume he will examine this point further in its relation to the twentieth century. Marxists have assumed that " the masses " would in time bring about proletarian revolutions, and the Russian revolution of 1917 is the triumphant example of a defeated and popular army turning against its rulers. The history of the twentieth century is likely, I think, to be deeply affected by the fact that infantry is increasingly giving way to mechanised units. They are still mass armies, potentially dangerous to their rulers, but the real power tends increasingly to be in the hands of the men who control aeroplanes and tanks. I should expect a revolutionary army of the future to be anti-capitalist, but not egalitarian. In 1830 and 1848 the Paris crowd could throw up barricades in the street and put up a resistance to regular troops ; the unit of power was the individual with a rifle. In the twentieth century the crowd in the street, even the private soldier, may be helpless ; the power belongs to those who control the modern weapons of destruction.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

NEW NOVELS

Escape. By ETHEL VANCE. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Man Who Took Trains. By JOHN GRANE. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

By the Waters of Babylon. By ROBERT NEUMANN. *Dent.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Let the People Sing. By J. B. PRIESTLEY. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Every now and then the nastier papers serve up for their readers a human interest story embellished with photographs of some wretched creature with a tear-swollen face " . . . whose husband was found dead in a parked car beside the body of an unidentified woman . . . " One thinks with horror of the circumstances in which the photograph was taken, the badgering of unhappy people. There is no sympathy behind the probing and peeping, it is only done so that a few readers can say " If I was in her place, poor thing . . . " and go off into a delicious day dream. It is the exploitation of suffering ; one can't doubt for a moment that it is an indecent thing. It is, of course, the practice of the yellow press alone—but perhaps the exploitation of the suffering of the persecuted in Germany is much the same

THE DESCENT OF THE DOVE	**Charles Williams**	**A Short History of the Holy Spirit in the Church.** "He makes the whole pageant of the Church, her rulers and movements, her heretics and saints, pass before us ; shown in a new perspective, touched with a new realism yet always as the matrix within which "Our Lord the Spirit" works . . . a book unequalled of its kind." *Evelyn Underhill in "Time and Tide."* *8s. 6d. net*
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DEATH'S OTHER KINGDOM	**Gamel Woolsey**	**Introduction by John Cowper Powys.** "A most readable, if brutally frank, book . . . A story of the devastation of human life, and values in a Spanish village during the civil war."—*Books of To-day.* *6/- net*
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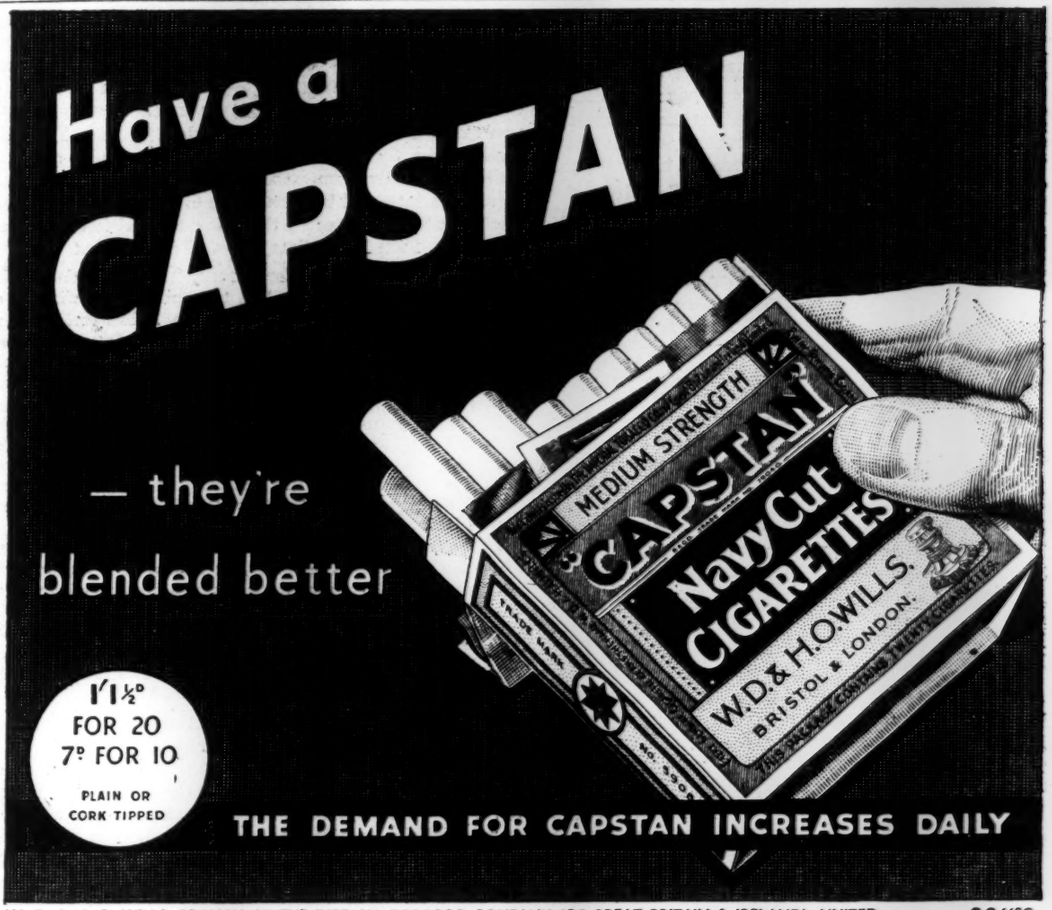
LONGMANS



W. D. & H. O. WILLS, BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LIMITED. C.C.668G

sort of thing? The Mamlock film was made by the people who helped Germany to take over another million Jews as playthings; one begins to wonder about these novels. Did much more than the thought "boy, what a story," inspire the writer of *Escape?* The story is the old Monte Cristo prison escape as a corpse, dragged out of the attic and given a bright new coat of anti-Nazi plant. The characterisation is banal; the high Nazi official is an old Quean, the old-school General is a Phillips Oppenheim Junker, swelling veins and all, the political police have "opaque, expressionless eyes" (one shudders to think of a man with transparent eyes, there would be terror in those appalling sockets if nothing else), there is the old family servant and a once-famous actress who can catch the very poise and expression of a young girl from a look at her passport photograph. It has the power and sincerity of a Sexton Blake and much of the subtlety of those whirlwind paper-covered stories, and it has been chosen by the Book Societies of England and America . . . *The Man Who Took Trains* is a grim story, more like a true story than *Escape* but as false. It provokes disquieting thoughts which the author cannot have intended to provoke. Why is it rammed down our throats that one could not tell that the hero was a Jew by looking at him—is the Nazi dogma that there is something horrible in looking like a Jew so acceptable? The book ends evasively in an asylum; if the hero has failed to cross all the land frontiers of Germany it is dodging the issue to let him escape that way. For some reason the asylum is not horrible at all, in spite of the maniac mouthing about sterilisation; it produces a feeling of irritation and one thinks of it as an *effect*, like one of the more obvious tear-jerking mechanisms in *East Lynne*. The reaction is not against Nazi brutality but against shoddy trading in human indignity. The book has nothing to add to the truth, and as the author has attempted to improve on the truth it is a good deal less effective; it strikes one disagreeably as a trick to win pity for pity's sake. *By the Waters of Babylon* is a refreshing contrast. Robert Neumann has drunk deep at the fount which Disraeli once frequented, and from which came that splendid vision in which every ducal mansion in England housed its dark-eyed family allied in blood to the true rulers and the secret aristocracy of all Europe. Herr Neumann writes with something of the same gusto, with the same abundant appreciation of the tribal gifts. He glories in the success of his successful Jews and he pities the unsuccessful not for their blood but for their failure. And in the defeat which sweeps his characters from their lives to send them as fugitives to Palestine they still have the blood to be proud of, they still have confidence born of the unforgettable promise that they will return to conquer again when this dark hour is over. His characterisation is lush, young Lord Merivale of Bilsdon is opulently Etonian, his financiers are sumptuously powerful and corrupt; everything is piled on with such a lavish hand that one almost fails to notice that he has prigged the mechanics of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* to get all these life stories into the same book. But this borrowing and the use of one or two situations excessively familiar are trifles—they don't count against the importance of a statement of the Jewish character which is courageous and dignified. There is no dodging and no evasion; it is a welcome change from the sort of novel which makes the Jewish tragedy a whining hard-luck story.

In *Let the People Sing* we have the glorification of the Little Man in the British manner. The people of Dunbury are down: they overwork tamely in factories under the Bedaux system, in shops they wait tamely on people who don't bother to be polite, they don't even amuse themselves any more—they watch paid athletes or they go to the movies. But suddenly everything changes. The factory hands jeer the efficiency experts and walk out. The shop assistants answer back. There is an end to smarming and bootlicking and Merrie England lives again. And all this happens because a worn-out music-hall comedian and a girl attached to a travelling auction sing a few old hits and a song they've written for the occasion—Let the people sing And freedom bring An end to a sad old story; When the people sing, Their voices ring In the dawn of the people's glory. Anybody who has seen a travelling auction briefly installed in a vacant shop knows what sort of spiritual revival is likely to come out of it; those hearty, hopeless, shysters in their over-padded and over-waisted overcoats aren't likely accoucheurs of a new social order. And if Mr. Priestley was unwise to give so much of the song with which the trick was done, he was still more unwise to burden his frail little parable with a number of jokes which have the northern virtues of plainness and bluntness but no others. If you like Strube's glorified wit you might like this novel, with its wee comedian as central figure and its secondary hero, who blushes and stammers when he has to talk to women; and if you kill people in debate long after they have gone, that might be another reason for liking it. But the jokes are very plain, and very blunt.

ANTHONY WEST

SECOND THOUGHTS ON SPAIN

The Spanish Tragedy. By JEF LAST. *Routledge.* 7s. 6d.
Death's Other Kingdom. By GAMEL WOOLSEY. *Longmans.* 6s.

I wonder what the Gibraltar set now think about our success in teaching Russia the moral marvels of non-intervention; and I wonder also if the Left are yet willing to consider more coolly what Russian intervention in Spain really was. Mr. Jef Last, a Dutch Communist who fought in the International Brigade from October, 1936, until the end of 1937, faces this question in the foreword and epilogue to his letters from the trenches of Madrid. The only sense in which this is an unsatisfactory book is that it was written before the Republican defeat; certain passages are thereby dated. For the Russians Spain was but a counter in the game of power politics; and things like Last's disillusionment about the Russian contribution in Spain, would certainly have grown greater if he had waited. A friend of Gide's who thought Gide's protest true but inopportune, he is one of those Communists who have turned against Stalinism since the purges. And for him the lesson of the Spanish war is that the working class has put too much faith in organisation and has neglected morality and the value of individual action. The Dutch never lose their Protestant roots; they saved Last from the violent bitterness and cynicism which is characteristic of so many Communist apostates. He keeps his head about the wretched *Poum* and the Anarchists, and even about the Communists and in his book one is coming round to a more considered view of the war.

Turning to the letters themselves, written in the line, they are a citizen soldier's direct and unaffected record. Soldiers, one notes again, are less vicious and fanatical than the politicals who sit quarrelling and persecuting behind the lines. One follows Last from the panic of Getafe to the discipline of Guadalajara. On leave he goes to Madrid and to the homes of his Spanish friends. One gets a vivid picture of the siege. A light-weight Renn, he has an anonymous humility, a simple seriousness. Two passages amused my curiosity; his account of an anti-war film seen in Madrid called *Men Against Men*, a film full of horrors which none but a Spanish censor would have passed. The film was greeted with enormous applause. I wish I could feel that, granted the Spanish capacity for realism, this applause was all indignation. One remembers those Smithfield Crucifixions, those tortured saints, and later on, Miss Gamel Woolsey's book increases one's doubts. The other thing is a farcical letter written to headquarters. Fake or no fake, the writer's request was granted.

> "As you wish," the letter runs, "to obtain from us newcomers particulars of our former life, the undersigned with all due respect wishes to inform you of the following. His early youth was spent in the pickpocketing profession. He had already acquired a certain proficiency in the trade when the police put an end to his career by having him removed to a state institution. His ideal in those days was to become a gangster, but bitter experience taught him that Holland was too small and restricted a country to offer any real prospects. He thought burgling a dangerous occupation and took to coining instead, until the gilt was off the gingerbread here too owing to the devaluation. The undersigned is a Catholic and, as only Catholic papers came into his father's house, he got the impression that Red Spain had now become the ideal country for plunder and robbery. He therefore did not hesitate to join up as a volunteer. To his amazement, however, he landed in a training camp on the heath, where there is nothing to pinch or steal, where on the contrary he and his mates have to sweat for hours in the dust. The undersigned entreats you, dear sir, to believe that nothing was further from his intentions. He begs you therefore to consider his having taken service as a mistake and demands to be sent back to Holland, failing which other measures will have to be taken."

It is the charm of Jef Last's high-mindedness that he takes this letter at its face value.

Miss Gamel Woolsey was living in a village just outside Malaga when the civil war broke out and stayed there until shortly before the fall. She and her husband sympathised with the revolutionary government, but hated violence and spent a good deal of their time rescuing threatened people from the individuals who had got out of hand. This is not a political book but a watchful study of how the village people became domesticated to revolution; and

Profiting a prophetess

When Apollo decreed that no one should believe Cassandra's prophecies, he must have bereft her, at the same time, of her sense of humour!

This was Goss's conclusion when a customer sent him a cutting from the *Daily Mirror* of October 26th, in which "Cassandra," in her diary, seemed to take Goss quite seriously when he said that "It would be almost a foul to be struck while wearing a Goss suit."

Pl-l-ease, sweet Cassandra, do show that twinkle in your eye when you read the next Goss column. Goss's advertisements are intended mainly for menfolk and he wouldn't dream of pulling a lady's leg.

This same customer, in his note with the Cassandra clipping, said he had been kicking himself for not taking Goss's advice a couple of months ago and ordering clothes before prices went up. The thought of having to pay more guineas a suit made him hesitate still more. What should he do, he asked Goss.

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In Goss tailoring you will find the individuality you yourself choose. Goss always aims at satisfying each customer's own taste, and he takes a personal interest in each garment bearing his label. Much of the work he does himself.

Fortunately Goss has been very busy this past month, but he extends a special welcome to *New Statesman* customers and their friends.

A Goss lounge suit or overcoat of the very best materials costs from Eight to Ten Guineas, whilst there is a good selection of thoroughly dependable materials costing from Six to Eight Guineas for a suit or overcoat. Dress suits from Nine Guineas.

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"Wonderful Tobacco" is how this R.A.F. smoker describes his favourite brand ... though we must admit that the *most* wonderful thing about Barneys is the enthusiasm of the men who smoke it ... that cheery brotherhood of sportsmen who have spread the fame of Barneys to the ends of all the Earth.

If *you* are seeking the Tobacco that measures up in smoking satisfaction to all that a good tobacco should ... try Barneys next time. One of its three strengths may suit you better than any tobacco you have ever smoked.

Barneys

★ THREE STRENGTHS: Barneys (*medium*), Parsons Pleasure (*mild*), Punchbowle (*full*) ... all equally good, all packed in the Barneys "EverFresh" Tin which ensures Factory-freshness *everywhere*. Home price of each 1 5d. oz. Also packed in handy "READY-FILLS" for perfect pipe-filling: Cartons of 12, 1/5d.

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her pictures of her neighbours and those of her household, are done with a real felicity and insight. The Malagueños, she noted, did very little to defend their city; in their more excited moment and with true Spanish regionalism, they thought of what glory would be theirs if they could annex towns from the next door province of Granada; they were alarmed by ideologies, for the Anarchists of course believed in the original goodness of man and in the Golden Age; and they were really shocked by the Fascist raids because they had heard and believed the upper classes were educated people. The gardener listening to the tale of a murder, picked up his tools and went away saying he was on the side of the party that would let him grow his cabbages. Growing tragedy and horror shook this innocence. The blood lust which war awakens and the evil chances became apparent. I can think of nothing more touching than the death of the maid's unaccepted lover, who with typical Spanish incompetence had been accidentally killed at a street corner by a friend who was showing off his gun. The dead youth whom she did not want to marry because she had seen enough starvation already left her all he had, a quarter of an acre of unirrigated ground with a half dozen young olives on it which he had planted and which would not bear for years to come. There is, as Miss Woolsey says, an extraordinary primeval goodness in the Spaniards (which perhaps explains the hold of Anarchism) and it is a pleasure to read at last of Spanish virtue without having to swallow an indigestible lump of ideology with it and written by someone who knows it well. This is a simple, dignified, sensitive and curiously moving picture of the Malaga period. V. S. PRITCHETT

TWO REVOLUTIONARIES

Lafayette. By W. E. WOODWARD. *Cresset Press.* 18s.
Saint Just. By J. B. MORTON. *Longmans.* 15s.

Both these books are worth reading. They have their faults, but they are very fair specimens of the art of biography. In each case the biographee was an extremely interesting character; each was a man of action and played a notable hand in the making of history. The romance of their lives was so romantic that it would bring a blush to the cheek of the most hardened novelette writer or film producer, for truth is nearly always much more romantic than fiction.

Saint-Just and Lafayette were both revolutionaries by nature and by circumstance. A comparison of their characters and lives is of great interest to the student of revolutionary psychology. On July 27th, 1794, when the guillotine fell on the neck of Saint-Just, aged 26, in what is now the Place de la Nation, Lafayette, aged 36, sat in an Austrian prison in Olmütz. If I had been asked in 1792 which of them was the more likely to escape the guillotine, I should have given long odds against the marquis. His birth, his previous career, his whole character seemed to mark him out for the scaffold. But he outlived Saint-Just by 40 years, outlived the Revolution, Napoleon, the Restoration, and a second revolution, and died in his bed, like so many other old gentlemen, from a cold caught while attending the funeral of a friend. It was characteristic of Lafayette that the friend whose funeral caused his own death had been killed in a duel. He was an incorrigible romantic. Everything which he touched turned naturally into the scenario of a film or the plot of a melodrama. It is a great pity that he was not a little less romantic, that he had not a streak of sound common sense in him. If only that had been so, he might have changed the course of history for the better. On more than one occasion in his life, if he had had a little political horse-sense and more sense of reality, he could have dominated Paris and France, and his integrity and principles were such that in that case the country might have been spared years of misery and glory. But then it was his integrity and principles which were partly responsible for his inability to make up his mind.

All this can be read in Mr. Woodward's book. It is a lively and amusing biography and full of interesting information about Lafayette and his times. It is a little too jaunty and discursive, but on the whole is both readable and accurate. Mr. Morton had a rather more difficult task in dealing with Saint-Just. Much less is known about him than about Lafayette and his character is not nearly so easy to decipher. Mr. Morton gives the facts of his life; he has made a serious attempt to explain his actions and character, and his book is therefore interesting and valuable. His view of Saint-Just is, however, far too rosy. The cold-blooded savagery of the terrorists, in which Saint-Just played a prominent part, really requires a little more explanation and condonation than Mr. Morton provides. His argument implies that Saint-Just was completely sincere; he was regretfully converted by events to a belief that the scaffold and blood—and plenty of it—were necessary for the salvation of the revolution and of France. But his conversion from a belief in non-violence to a belief in the guillotine took exactly nine days, and it is difficult to see what happened between November 4th and November 13th, 1792, which could justify the change. Saint-Just was a romantic and a man of principle, just like Lafayette, but he was not, like Lafayette, a humane and civilised man. That was why Saint-Just could take to the guillotine and had a brief spell of dictatorship and ended on the scaffold, whereas Lafayette retired to his Austrian prison and died 40 years later in his bed. LEONARD WOOLF

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HONEY-BUBBLINGS OF THE BOILERS

On the Boiler. By W. B. YEATS. *The Cuala Press, Dublin.* 3s. 6d.
The Arrow (W. B. Yeats Commemoration Number). *The Abbey Theatre, Dublin.* 1s.

A distinguished octogenarian recently, I hear, divided the aged into those who are scatterbrained and those who have obsessions. One great living Irishman provides the outstanding example of the scatterbrained, another, W. B. Yeats, recently dead, is as obviously obsessional.

On the Boiler is just a collection of notes and poems, originally planned for an irregular magazine, in which Yeats lets his obsessions rip. The name is taken from a notice which he read as a child on the Sligo Quays, "the great McCoy will speak on the old boiler," and the unifying obsession which gives a single theme to scattered notes and observations is contained in the lines which follow:

Some think it matter of course that chance
Should starve good men and bad advance,
That if their neighbours figured plain,
As though upon a lighted screen,
No single story would they find
Of an unbroken happy mind,

A finish worthy of the start.
Young men know nothing of this sort,
Observant old men know it well;
And when they know what old books tell
And that no better can be had,
Know why an old man should be mad.

The finest thing in the later Yeats is this single-minded gesture of the ranting, raging old man, a character from late Shakespearean tragedy. Reading him one is grateful for the magnificent rhetorical poetry built on certain solidly placed ideas, all of them well worn, some of them surviving the winter very well, others pretty lichenous and even shoddy. One admires, but at the same time if late Yeats verges on great poetry, it also makes one humble about the claims of great poetry to be intelligent. Yeats shows clear intellectual power in organising a limited number of perceptions and ideas, but his range is not wide or sensitive enough to be intelligent.

One of Yeats's strongest themes is that even a tragic poetry must emerge triumphant and rejoicing from darkness and horror. So he cut Wilfrid Owen out of his *Oxford Book of Modern Poetry*, on the grounds that his mood was defeatist. His view of the task of modern poetry is certainly bracing and tonic, though I think it would exclude some of the best poetry since Keats, written, by, say, Tennyson, Arnold, Clough, Hardy, and a good deal of Keats as well, not to mention contemporary writers. And so with all Yeats's ideas there is a vigorous one-sidedness, at times trailing off into gibberish.

At the end of this book, a curious play called *Purgatory* is reprinted from Yeats's *Last Poems*. This has few of the weaknesses of many of the last poems themselves, and is, in my opinion, one of his finest works.

The Arrow is an occasional magazine published by the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, which has now produced a Yeats Commemoration Number. Most of the essays are exactly what one would expect, though Dr. Gogarty goes almost farther than the indecencies of death and obituary notices allow in a note which should surely delight Max Beerbohm (one of whose cartoons is reproduced here): "You felt something not of this earth earthly when you looked at those eyes, whose gleam it was so hard to catch, swiftly glancing with all the intensity of Eternity . . ." etc., etc. There is also a not unhumorous essay by W. J. Turner combining obeisance to a god with a wistful protest against Yeats having introduced changes into one of his poems published in the *Oxford Book*, thus making complete nonsense of it. Not that Mr. Turner objects to his poetry being made nonsense of, he bravely asserts, because: "It is interesting to see how the minds of different poets work." Following this argument, perhaps it would be nice for every poet to have a completely free hand in publishing an anthology of the work of his contemporaries, ruining their best lines, altering the punctuation, printing two separate poems as one, and fragments as though they were whole poems. As anthologists already work on these principles, it might, though be a mistake to extend it much farther.

To atone for many imperfections in these obituary notices, there is a quite excellent critical analysis of what Yeats set out to do in his latest poems, by F. R. Higgins, who shows a familiarity with the poet's mind besides which most of the other contributors seem merely burbling.

STEPHEN SPENDER

THE GERMAN ARMY

The German Army. By HERBERT ROSINSKI. *Hogarth Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Rosinski was until recently one of the principal instructors at a German Staff College. He is now a refugee. He writes with pride of an army that helped to free his country, in the nineteenth century, and helped to unite it. His grim pages on the German Army during the past seven years, the Reichswehr's efforts to make use of the Nazi Party and the Nazi Party's subjugation of the Reichswehr, gain force from the admiration he displays for "the real aristocratic spirit" within the Prussian officer's tradition. A pupil of Clausewitz writes a verdict on the *Wehrmacht* to-day. The verdict is all the more final because he loves the army he describes: its seriousness in thought and excellence in theory, its practical, sober sense of duty, the magnificent human qualities that enabled it to stand siege by half the world during the four years to 1918.

Dr. Rosinski writes English well, but writes a language strange to us. A quotation enforced on any reviewer who feels time's irony, and remembers what "a Prussian general" meant for many years to most of us, is the description Dr. Rosinski gives of

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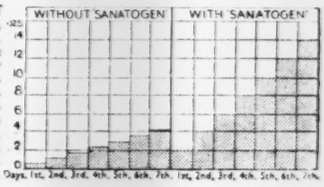

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The words 'SANATOGEN' and 'GENASPRIN' are the Registered Trade Marks of Genatosan Ltd., Loughborough, Leicestershire.

the general who revived Prussia to take part in the breaking of Napoleon :

> Scharnhorst represents true greatness and real creative genius, a profound and sensitive appreciation of human value and spiritual forces, understanding of the great problems of national existence in their relation to the life and task of the soldier, insight into the awful majesty of that great phenomenon, war.

That is the author's summary of the positive qualities of the " militarism " we fought to destroy a generation ago.

But Dr. Rosinski knows that this army and its leaders have had their negative qualities also, and that these qualities have been reinforced, made more evil and powerful, " as the original substance of the Reichswehr is being more and more dissolved and corrupted in the disintegrating atmosphere of the Third Reich."

The picture he draws of Hitler's army has two sides to it. He reports a shortage of trained officers, a lowering of the intellectual level of cadets, a recent intake of N.C.O.s who have had too little training (only two years, and sometimes two more years at a special N.C.O. school.) And the German Army " has so far failed to recover that overwhelming superiority in ' the higher study of war ' which it enjoyed throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century and up to the World War." This side of the picture one likes : it is unendurable that this great historic force should continue to have the power to break up civilisation now that it can no longer help civilisation forward ; therefore it is good news that cracks are appearing in its strength.

But the other side of the picture is partly implicit in the " weaknesses " stated. How many of our N.C.O.s have been considered worth two years' special training ? And what intellectual level burdens the majority of British officers ? It is worrying to attempt such a comparison ; it is worse to read Dr. Rosinski's summary of the tactical and strategical views of the German Army leaders and instructors. Not yet rotted by Nazi *blitzkrieg* fantasies, German military theory is unpleasantly logical, realistic and up to date : " The tactical training of the German Army is still governed by the idea of giving to the individual commander the fullest independence in the execution of his allotted task. In contrast to the French tendency to ' systematic ' procedure, German tactics lay the utmost emphasis upon leaving the hands of the ' man on the spot ' as free as possible, to allow him the fullest liberty in exploiting ' creatively ' the peculiar features of the actual situation with which he is faced."

Fascism is not good soil for breeding the sort of initiative needed in such tactics. But one wishes that it had been possible to rely less on that, and more on the hope that British tactical training has been based on a similar or even sounder foundation. A force as great as the German Army still is can do an immense amount of damage before it dies.

The book's jacket is a photograph of a tomb, that of the Unknown Soldier at Munich. A patient face is shadowed by the steel helmet ; it has the dignity of weariness. When the last page of the tragedy is read, from Scharnhorst to Hitler, this photograph seems to state that the book is not the autobiography of an army, but its obituary.

TOM WINTRINGHAM

AY, AY, AY !

I Lost my English Accent. By C. V. R. THOMPSON. *Nicholson and Watson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

It's Too Late Now. By A. A. MILNE. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Life Worth Living. By C. B. FRY. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

It Could Never Have Happened. By ALICE M. HEAD. *Heinemann.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Living in Bloomsbury. By THOMAS BURKE. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Debate Continues. By MARGARET CAMPBELL (MARJORIE BOWEN). *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Autobiography is an art. A good autobiography should be a monument to the virtues of selection, self-criticism, irony, and truthfulness. It should seduce and affront the reader. The alternative is to write a book about oneself, to swill the ego round and gargle with it, then expectorate a scummy wash of undigested complacency over the friends and relatives within mouthshot. If this seems too brutal there are many writers who will cover their mouth with the back of their hand, retain the vanity, complacency, and lack of construction of the vulgar, but eliminate indiscretion, and give it all a vague taste of nothing in particular. This seems the vogue to-day.

I Lost My English Accent is an inane, loose, friendly account of the life of a *Daily Express* Reporter in New York, written in a pathetic doggy kind of journalese. Most paragraphs begin, " Then I met So-and-so," the reader expects an anecdote or a character study, but the statement is considered enough. Somebody or other has had the idea of charging ten shillings and sixpence for this, the rehash of a few hackneyed paragraphs, but Mr. Thompson will have to lose a great many more things than his English accent before he can write a book. He ought to be made to read it aloud.

It's Too Late Now is an accomplished, unintimate, and rather dandified account of the life of A. A. Milne. He reminds one of Noel Coward, a pre-war Noel Coward springing from the same unexpectedly lower middle-class stock, but moving with pre-war acceleration into a smooth heaven of light verse, cricketing week-end, good society, whimsical taste, and money, money, money. How fond A. A. Milne is of it ! Cheques and success in all around he sees, and the more delightfully he writes, the more imminent is some financial climax, the sub-editorship of *Punch*, *Christopher Robin*, *When We Were Very Young* or *Mr. Pim Passes By*. This is a harmless and well-written book, but I found myself getting very angry with it—envy, possibly, of A. A. M.'s fat cut of the *douceur de vivre*, but irritation, certainly, at the gentlemanly good taste which veils both a shrewd eye on the main chance, and perhaps a fear of life. Such an impeccable, *Times*-leading-article of a *petit-maître* existence, all success and whimsy, with never an unkind word for anyone else, and a deprecating smile for the humble recipient of so much honour—one wonders what Christopher Robin himself is like now, and what he would make of it.

Life Worth Living is dull. I suppose C. B. Fry is one of the biological triumphs of the human race, seldom can the mental calibre sufficient to win an Oxford scholarship, and a First, be found in a physique capable of setting up world records for the long jump and being an international cricket and football player. But his book is dull, his life too easy, and perhaps the harmony of such mental and physical celebrity would have been the better for some irritant.

" From Shakespeare onwards successful poets, dramatists, and other artists have been peculiarly interested in cricket. This trend of the first-class literary mind is about the finest tribute to the merit of the game." Mr. Fry goes on to mention Meredith, Andrew Lang, Barrie, Clifford Bax, Galsworthy, Drinkwater, Conan Doyle, A. E. W. Mason, Francis Thompson, Sir Hugh Walpole, Alec Waugh, A. J. Cummings, John Strachey, and Ben Travers, as cases in point.

It Could Never Have Happened is a refined, loyal and somewhat empty chronicle by a secretary of Hearst and editress of *Good Housekeeping* with a passion for the right hotels. Very dull indeed.

Living in Bloomsbury is a rambling and prejudiced literary armchair book with some good things in it. Thomas Burke is a master of London topography, and able to fire off questions (to which he has not supplied the answers) such as " How many statues of Edward VII are to be found in London ? Name the suburb where Mendelssohn composed his *Spring Song*. Which church has a portrait of Anatole France in one of its windows ? Where is the Furniture Museum ? " In spite of a tendency to facetiousness on the subject of modernity, there is something solid and crotchety about this book, which contains much interesting information and good craftmanship, and recalls the old London atmosphere of literary reminiscence, as in tales by Maugham and Beerbohm. Mr. Burke has interesting views about death, and considers that everyone is entitled to a certain number of heart-beats. Till they have completed them, nothing will kill them, afterwards, anything will, and a murder is only Nature's way of polishing off two people, criminal and murderee, who have reached their allotted span.

The Debate Continues is the life story of Marjorie Bowen, who wrote the *Viper of Milan* when she was sixteen. It is a strange, melancholy book and is written with a kind of intimate detachment and a surprising bleakness. I was often reminded of D. H. Lawrence, as in the terrible account of her months spent looking after her dying husband in a villa on the Italian coast during a gloomy winter of the war. If to many people Thomas Burke is a name suggesting Chinatown, to others Marjorie Bowen recalls a string of historical novels, a reputation not to be confused with the choicer fame of her namesake. Their books reveal far more interesting personalities, and *The Debate Continues* adds a tragic one.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

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NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE — NOVEMBER 18

Special Literary Number

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

ECONOMICS ON THE EVE OF THE WAR

League of Nations. World Economic Survey, 1938-39. The Economic Effects of Rearmament. League of Nations, Geneva. Wrappers, 10*s*. Cloth, 12*s*. 6*d*.

It is to be hoped that the League of Nations will be able to continue the excellent series of annual volumes in which, for the past eight years, it has reviewed the general course of world economic affairs. Throughout the period of the great depression, the ensuing recovery, and the partial recession of 1938 these impartially written surveys have been invaluable; and together they constitute a most revealing international economic history of a period full both of disasters and economic insanities and of new experiments of many kinds in the control of economic forces. This latest volume is of special interest because it was written this summer, and thus provides a clear picture of the world's economic situation on the eve of the outbreak of war.

Nineteen-thirty-eight, at any rate in its first half, was a year of recession for those countries which had not in the main insulated their economics from international influences; and even where this had occurred, the effects of recession elsewhere were felt in the decline of foreign trade. Then, from the middle of 1938, recovery began, slowly at first, but with increasing momentum later in the year. In the United States, which experienced the most rapid advance, this was mainly due to the resumption of a policy of monetary expansion and of "pump-priming" by way of increased Government expenditure; but elsewhere it was largely the outcome of rapidly growing expenditure on armaments, which has in the short run much the same expansionist effect as any other form of "public works policy."

Germany, and in the main Japan, were comparatively unaffected by the recession of 1937–8, because their economics were already dominated by war or war-preparation, and were adjusted to keeping all the available resources of production in the fullest possible use. Correspondingly, they could not experience an expansion such as occurred in the United States and elsewhere, because they had no reserves of idle resources ready to be brought into use. They maintained their production, or at most expanded it slowly by making better use of the available supplies. Germany, indeed, was able to increase resources by the absorption first of Austria and then, in two gulps, of Czechoslovakia; but these annexations brought new deficiences as well as assets, in view of the relatively high industrialisation of the Austrian and Czech peoples, and the consequent lack of complementariness between their economics and that of Germany. Japan, meanwhile, was occupying large territories in China, but was finding the task of developing them economically beyond her resources, already strained by the demands of actual war.

Mr. J. E. Meade, who is responsible for the present volume of the *Survey*, describes not only the broad economic and financial development of each of the main countries during the year under review, but also the relationship of these developments to the changing international situation. We are given an excellent account of Germany's methods of pushing trade in South-Eastern Europe and in Latin America, of the effects of expenditure on armaments on the monetary conditions and the budgets of the leading countries, of the counter-moves towards a more liberal regime made by the United States through the conclusion of trade agreements, and so on. Changes in the standard of living are broadly reviewed, and account is taken of the relations between industrial and raw-material producing countries under the successive influence of recession, revival of demand, and preparation for war.

A volume of this sort does not lend itself to summary, and cannot be very easy to read. Its value lies in presenting at once a storehouse of information and a closely linked account of the wider movement within which the mass of facts falls into its appropriate place. Mr. Meade has done his work well, and, if he is allowed to continue his labours, his next volume should be even more interesting; for he will be able to trace out in it the logical completion of the progress towards *autarkie* and national control in the actual clash of arms. G. D. H. COLE

On the Writing of History. By SIR CHARLES OMAN. *Methuen*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

Like H. A. L. Fisher, Sir Charles sees no pattern in history, but since he has never been in a Liberal Cabinet, he is not disillusioned by the turn of events to-day. He is no optimist, but a Tory stoic with a great enthusiasm for his craft; he learnt from Stubbs that history must be studied for its own sake and that it merely leads up to the present, but he himself adds that all optimistic historians are men of blind faith. Next he learnt from Freeman that history is no series of Periods, but continuous; and he evolved for himself a picture of movements which slowly gather momentum, and then produce a cataclysm, almost, but not quite, inevitably. Finally from Froude, with much heart-searching, he learnt that history must be readable; thence in his study of "the thing that I used, in my simple youth, to call history," which "is now labelled 'political, military, religious, and constitutional history'" he has been led logically towards Carlyle's view that history is the story of great men. He has also been led to pen this readable little book as a confession of faith, and as a guide to others "who intend to make history the mistress of their life"; a lively guide, which says "The directing classes in any nation should have a certain general knowledge of the history of the Art of War," and goes on without conscious irony, "What touches all is the business of all."

BOOKS TO COME

Most publishers have not made up their minds about the prospects of the book trade in wartime. Whilst they have bravely proceeded with books in hand, their plans for the future are held up by uncertainty both with regard to the effect of rising costs on book production and with regard to the kind of books which a nation at war will want to read. However, new manuscripts are being read and current catalogues are not yet exhausted. There is a general feeling that readers and writers will regain their power of concentration once they have settled down to the black-out and that books will be as varied in character under present conditions as they are in peacetime.

Meanwhile, certain publishers are providing short-term alleviations of gloom. Harraps have a *Black-Out Book* (promised for the end of this month) compiled by Evelyn August which provides entertainment for 101 nights. Here are drawings, games, puzzles, rhymes, caricatures and evening occupations.

A Blackout Book (no hyphen this time) is also promised by Hodder and Stoughton. Compiled by Arthur Mee, it is another compendium of puzzles, tricks, stories, poems and miscellaneous information for winter nights.

Mr. John Hadfield's *Christmas Companion*, though planned long before the outbreak of war, might be regarded as another contribution in this kind. In addition to anthologies of stories, poems and essays, the *Companion* contains carols, puzzles and chapters on Christmas dinners and decorations. It comes from Dent on November 16th.

A new book by Arthur Waley, *Three Ways of Thought in Ancient China*, will be published by Allen and Unwin on November 23rd. It consists largely of extracts from the works of the Chinese philosophers, *Chuang Tzu*, *Mencius* and *Han Fei Tzu*. Mr. Waley explains that this kind of philosophy is not at all technical. *Chuang Tzu*, in particular, can be understood by anyone who can read poetry.

On the same day this firm publishes a collection of Harold Laski's essays dealing with the issues of contemporary politics and law—*The Danger of Being a Gentleman*.

In *Sometime, Never* (Gollancz, November 20th) Miss Clare Leighton describes in lithographs and prose a perfect year built up from the ordinary life she has experienced. She passes from an English village to a steel mill in Pittsburgh, from a seventh-century festival in Dalmatia to a grape harvest in Provence.

Readers of Miss Sackville-West's *Country Notes* in this journal will be glad to find them collected in a single volume illustrated with photographs which will be published by Michael Joseph on November 20th.

The Economic Causes of War, by Lionel Robbins, Professor of Economics at London University, which will be published by Cape on November 24th, has been specially written for present occasions. A plea for a United States of Europe as a leading war aim, it is also an examination of various theories of the economic causation of modern war.

Another book by Mr. Verrier Elwin on his life among the aboriginal tribes of India is due from Murray on November 17th. *The Baiga* is the story of six years' intimate contact with the small aboriginal tribe of this name who inhabit the Eastern ranges of the Satpura Mountains in Central India.

Murray publishes on the same day a volume of hitherto uncollected poems written by Sir Henry Newbolt during the last years of his life. *A Perpetual Memory and Other Poems* contains two short memoirs of their author by Walter de la Mare and Major Ralph Furse.

A forthcoming book on the underlying principles of modern physics by Professor G. Gamow, Professor of Theoretical Physics at George Washington University, has the encouraging title of *Mr. Tompkins in Wonderland*. Mr. Tompkins, a bank clerk, visits in a series of dreams worlds in which the new laws of space, time and motion are immediately obvious. There are suitably fantastic diagrams by Mr. John Hookham. The book, which will be published by the Cambridge University Press on November 24th, is dedicated to Lewis Carroll and Niels Bohr, the Danish physicist.

Hitler's Twelve Apostles, by Oswald Dutch, is announced by Arnold for November 16th. Mr. Dutch here gives an account of the careers, functions, importance and prospects of Goering, Goebbels, Himmler,

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PUBLIC Speaking Classes, Foreign Accent Cured. GLADYS NYREN, L.R.A.M. (Elocution), 162 Haverstock Hill, N.W.3.

CAN anyone recommend progressive day school for five-year-old boy within 35 miles London with cottage definitely obtainable nearby, country preferred? Box 6287.

HOME offered refugee child, 5–8, educated family. References exchanged. RAMSAY, Scotscraig, E. Linton, East Lothian.

SOURED MILK re CONSTIPATION, COLITIS, Rheumatism, Acidity, etc. Enquire re METCHNIKOFF'S Food, New Research Co., 9 Normandy, Guildford.

PLEASE make appointments for Christmas photographs now, as soon I shall be busy with my Christmas cards. ANTHONY PANTING, 5 Paddington Street, W.1. WELbeck 4950. (Before 11 a.m. please).

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Quick, cheap, lasting, harmless, as grateful 1,000's testify. Either sex. Write: CARLTON CHEMICALS, 251 Birmingham.

SHORTHAND-TYPING. One hour's voluntary help invited. St. Francis Hospital, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.

DETECTIVES. Divorce, private enquiries, etc Moderate. Consultation free. UNIVERSAL DETECTIVES (Establ. 1929), 12 Henrietta Street, W.C.2 TEM. 8594.

Hess, Ley, Schirach, Brauchitsch, Ribbentrop, Funk, Streicher, Rosenberg and Neurath.

Hamish Hamilton publishes on November 17th *Our Lives Are Swiss*, by Peter Chamberlain, a collection of short stories, some of which made their first appearance in the *New Statesman*.

Napoleon, by H. Butterfield, due from Duckworth on November 23rd, is the latest volume in the Great Lives series.

The Dean of Chichester has written an introduction to *Vigil*, an anthology of prayer compiled by Muriel Box which comes from Hodge on November 23rd.

MARIE SCOTT-JAMES

Week-end Competitions

No. 509

Set by F. E. Widdas

The usual prizes are offered for an account in not more than 300 words of the work and historical position of any man famous in art or literature who died before 35, imagining him to have survived to 70.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Nov. 17th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 507

Set by T. C. Worsley

The usual prizes are offered for a passage (not more than 200 words) describing a well-known picture, on the analogy of Pater's famous piece on the Mona Lisa. Entries will be judged on their own merits—rather than as imitations or parodies.

Report by T. C. Worsley

The times seem to militate against fine writing. I had hoped for more entries in a contemporary idiom, but didn't dare to include it as a condition for fear of being inundated with late Joyce and neo-Stein. As it was, pastiche was the prevailing mode and—with few exceptions—the most successful. Many contributors seemed to me to spoil their attempts by an introductory paragraph justifying or explaining their selection. "It was by the merest chance that I found myself in Amsterdam at the time . . ." "The best remembered days of my life are those in which I looked upon great scenery. It is natural, therefore . . ." So I made this a condition of elimination—reluctantly, since it excluded Robert Witt's charming entry and the charming card which came with it. Of the "non-pasticheurs" there was Charles Furbank's slightly blasphemous piece on The Last Supper: and Allan Laing on "Bubbles": "Here limned for all time is the respectable spinster's dream of juvenile delinquency . . . we have here the fair embodiment of all that marks off the model evacué from the hooligan Huckleberries at present kicking the polish off the furniture in a hundred unhappy billets." But flippancy disqualified. Thomas Bodkin's ingenious imitation on Rembrandt in Old Age, in spite of its excellence, failed by definition. In the running were E. R. Matthias on "Napoleon," and Anthony Butts on Courbet's "Les Dormeuses." Finally, the first prize went to A. B. Taylor for a pastiche and the second to K. K. for a gallant attempt in a more modern manner.

FIRST PRIZE.

ON "THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE TOWED TO HER LAST BERTH," BY TURNER.

She, who has seen many battles, many lights, who has stared and stared at dawns and false dawns, at purple seas over black rocks and blue seas over fishes' backs and seas livid as her life—they lead her now, clouded and beautiful, into her last bloodred. She lingers, in all her gold, upon her last reflection, as, serene and stately, step by step with the sun, she passes, with the coming of night, out of the West.

ADRIAN BATCHELOR TAYLOR

SECOND PRIZE.

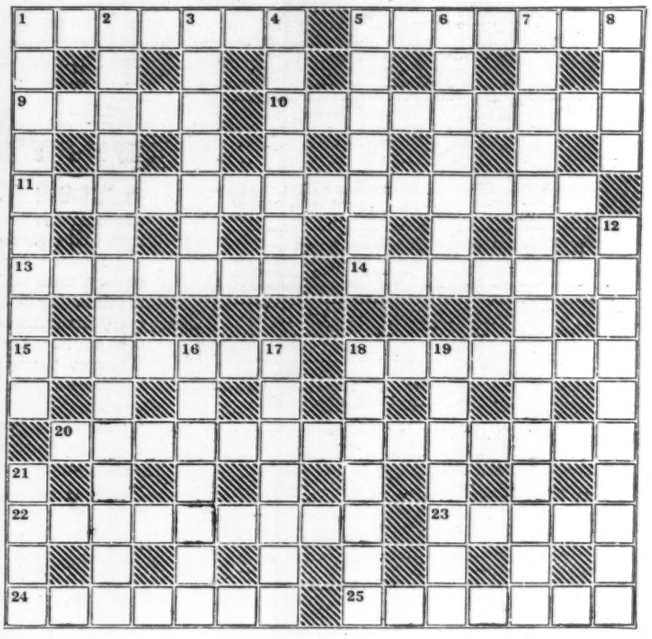
I.—VAN GOGH—FRUIT TREE IN BLOSSOM, SPRING, 1888.

Spring is a painful sickness in the backyards of Arles; the stunted tree suddenly feels the pulse of the sap, and explodes into fine blossoms from every spidery arm; but these blossoms are unnatural, eruptions of the blood, Fruhlingsausgabe. The tree is still gnarled with the pain of winter, bent by the burden of snow, worn and twisted by the prying fingers of the wind; for the Spring brings no joy, but only a rash of foolish blossoms, and ache of the sap in withered veins. It is shameful, it is wicked, that a poor tree should be made so ridiculous.

K. K.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 505

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

ACROSS

1. His job is to score a bull as it were. (7)
5 (rev.). The winning racehorse presumably is doubly. (7)
9. They may thatch the roof. (5)
10. Disturbing result of making a good turnover. (9)
11. Chased Old Man Kangaroo. (14)
13. Went into the office assentingly. (7)
14. This bone is ribbed. (7)
15. Cut out, literarily speaking. (7)
18. The B.E.F. got across it. (7)
20. Where you expect to see people in the pink. (14)
22. And then put him in a cage to talk no doubt. (9)
23. Research, involving some spade work. (5)
24. It gives some people a futurist look. (7)
25. Struggles back. (7)

DOWN

1. Role of the prodigal son's father at the feast. (10)
2. This is in Staffs, not Africa. (15)
3. Circular plate or penny. (7)
4. How we cornered perhaps. (7)
5. Patterns of drawers. (7)
6. Holds the shrouds together. (7)
7. They make one stint eggs in Lent. (15)
8. You may pack these trousers. (4)
12. A longer job. (10)
16. Mechanically catches things with its teeth. (7)
17. Fencing weapon for a toy soldier? (7)
18. Heartily warmed by the juice of the vine. (7)
19. This castle is not in Norfolk, but the reverse is often true. (7)
21. Rearing horse for the young. (4)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

C	O	A	L	H	E	A	V	E	R	■	O	S	L	O
O	■	I	■	E	■	S	■	M	■	M	■	I	■	D
C	O	R	O	N	E	T	■	B	O	O	S	T	E	D
K	■	L	■	■	■	R	■	R	■	T	■	W	■	S
S	K	I	■	D	A	I	L	Y	D	O	Z	E	N	■
C	■	N	■	A	■	N	■	O	■	R	■	L	■	C
O	P	E	N	I	N	G	S	■	S	M	I	L	E	R
M	■	■	■	S	■	S	■	D	■	O	■	■	■	O
B	Y	E	B	Y	E	■	C	R	O	W	B	A	R	S
S	■	D	■	C	■	C	■	A	■	E	■	D	■	S
■	B	U	S	H	R	A	N	G	E	R	■	A	O	B
S	■	C	■	A	■	N	■	O	■	■	■	M	■	R
C	H	A	R	I	O	T	■	M	I	S	T	A	K	E
A	■	T	■	N	■	O	■	A	■	O	■	N	■	E
R	E	E	K	■	T	R	A	N	S	L	A	T	E	D

The last week's winner is
Mrs. E. Heath, 27 Westcliff Street, Lincoln

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted subject to the management's approval and right to amend or to refuse to insert any advertisement whether paid for or not.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Morning service only. Sunday, November 12th, at 11, DR. COIT: "MEDITATION ON WHAT? DEDICATION TO WHAT?"

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, November 12th, at 11 a.m., DR. MARIE JAHODA: "EXPERIMENTS IN COMMUNITY LIVING." Admission free. Visitors welcome.

BIRKBECK COLLEGE
(University of London).
LUNCH HOUR LECTURES, 1.15–2. "THE BACKGROUND OF THE WAR," by THE HON. HAROLD NICOLSON, C.M.G., M.P., on Tuesdays, November 14th, 21st and 28th, and December 5th. "SCIENCE IN MODERN WAR," by J. B. S. HALDANE, F.R.S., on Wednesdays, November 15th, 22nd and 29th. "PROGRESS—ITS FATE AND PROSPECTS," by C. E. M. JOAD, on Thursdays, November 16th, 23rd and 30th, and December 7th. Admission free, without ticket. (The College is situated in BREAMS BUILDINGS, CHANCERY LANE.)

THE Socialist Conditions for Peace. M.S.I. Discussion Meeting at National Trade Union Club, 12 Great Newport Street, W.C.1, on Saturday, Nov. 11th, at 3 p.m. Guest speaker: DONALD FRASER (No-Conscription League).

SCHOOLS AND EDUCATIONAL

ADVISORY SERVICE ON BOARDING SCHOOLS: the offices of CICELY C. WRIGHT Ltd. have been transferred from London to 4, York Road, Headington, OXFORD. Tel. 6612. Schools in 'safe' areas recommended without charge.

ST. MARY'S SCHOOL, 16 Wedderburn Road, N.W.3, has re-opened for the time being at: Sunnydale, Torcross, Nr. Kingsbridge, S. Devon. Torcross 254. Usual staff retained, boys and girls at all ages from 4–14. Fine airy house on the shore in safe neighbourhood. The Principal: MRS. E. PAUL, Ph.D.

MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS. *Head Mistress:* MISS CHAMBERS, M.A. (CANTAB.). Aim—to develop character, intellect, healthy growth of child for good of community; encourage self-expression; increase resource and initiative by practical work. Girls prepared for Universities, Medical Profession and advanced work, Music, Art. Fees include Elocution, Dancing, Cookery. 15 acres grounds.

THE FROEBEL PREPARATORY AND NURSERY SCHOOL, St. Mary's Freeland, Oxford. Sound modern education for boys and girls from 5–12 years old.

NEW HERRLINGEN SCHOOL (recognised by the Board of Education) welcomes children to grow up in a home-like atmosphere. Principal: ANNA ESSINGER, M.A., Otterden, Kent. Tel.: Eastling 206.

EIRE. NEWTOWN SCHOOL, Waterford. A Quaker Co-educational Boarding School. Well equipped. 23 acres grounds, playing fields, own farm and milk supply. Very moderate fees. Apply HEADMASTER.

KESWICK SCHOOL. ENGLISH LAKES.
Co-educational, Boys and Girls, 6–19, stressing Art, Music, Handicraft and Physical Culture. New Children's House overlooking Derwentwater. Fees: £82.

HALSTEAD PLACE, Sevenoaks (recognised preparatory) has moved to "a'Beckett's," Littleton Panell, WILTSHIRE, for duration of the war. 18 acres. Ages 7–14. After Christmas, girls only.

CUDHAM HALL SCHOOL, now at Paccombe House Harcombe, Nr. Sidmouth, offers a happy home and school to boys and girls 2-12 years. Beautiful country, 3 miles from sea. All-round progressive education. Entire charge. Apply PRINCIPAL.

ST. CHRISTOPHER SCHOOL, LETCHWORTH (recognised by the Board of Education). A thorough education for boys and girls to 19 years, at moderate fees, in an open-air atmosphere of ordered freedom and progress. Headmaster: H. LYN HARRIS, M.A., LL.B. (Camb.).

QUEEN ELIZABETH SCHOOL, Kirkby Lonsdale, Westmorland. Recognised, fully equipped, vacancies for boys, 10–19. £14,000 additions now complete. Boarding and tuition fee £22 10s. per term.

HOMER SCHOOL, IPSDEN, OXON. 10 Boarders, 10 Day children. Boys and girls, 5–12 years. All subjects. Qualified staff. Country life. Riding.

PINEHURST HOME SCHOOL, GOUDHURST, Kent. Co-education 3 to 12 years. Food reform diet. Sunbathing, Riding. MISS M. B. REID, Goudhurst 116.

HAMPDEN SCHOOL, late 14 Holland Park, W.11, is now established as a boarding-school at The Chalet, Wytham Great Wood, Eynsham, Oxford. Few vacancies for children 2–10. Arrangements made for all-year schooling, if necessary. Trained nurse resident. Apply: LESLIE BREWER, Headmaster. Eynsham 282.

BROOKLANDS, Crowborough, Sussex. Pre-prep. school and all-year-round home. Sound early education and careful training. Boys, 3–10. Girls, 3–12. Trained staff. Exceptional health record. Beautiful surroundings. Apply, SECRETARY. Crowborough 299.

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SCHOOLS—continued

BADMINTON SCHOOL, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. (A Public School for Girls. Founded 1858.)
The School, which is run on modern lines, has a high standard of education and gives every opportunity for the development of personality and individual gifts.
President of the Board of Governors: GILBERT MURRAY, Esq., D.C.L., LL.D., D.Litt., F.B.A., Emeritus Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford.
Head Mistress: MISS B. M. BAKER, B.A.

PINEWOOD, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX. Home school for boys and girls, 3–12 years, where environment, diet, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. ELIZABETH STRACHAN. Crowborough 224.

KING ALFRED SCHOOL (Co-educational) has removed temporarily from Golders Green and reopened as school for boarders and day pupils (ages 5–18) at Flint Hall Farm, Royston, Herts. Country estate of 180 acres. A.R.P. trenches. Prospectus from SECRETARY.

THE Gwen Lewis Nursery Class and Preparatory School has removed (for duration of war) from 26 Guildford Street, W.C.1, to 60 The Esplanade, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset. Boys and Girls, 2–14. Day children and boarders. Open during holidays.

THE BELTANE SCHOOL has now joined its Country Branch at Shaw Hill, Melksham, Wilts. 180 boys and girls already in residence. Room for more at all ages. Own farm produce. School work proceeding without interruption.

BEDALES SCHOOL, PETERSFIELD, HANTS. (Founded 1893.) A co-educational boarding school for boys and girls from 11–19. Separate junior school for those from 5–11. Inspected by the Board of Education. Country estate of 150 acres. Home Farm. For particulars apply to the Headmaster: F. A. MEIER, M.A. (Camb.).

OAKLEA, Buckhurst Hill, Essex (recognised by Board of Education) removed (for duration of war) to NESS STRANGE, Nr. Shrewsbury. 90 boarders taken in exceptionally safe country district. Girls 7 to 19. P.N.E.U. Programmes followed. Handicrafts, gardening, riding. Oxford Examination Centre. Principal: BEATRICE GARDNER.

REST HARROW Co-educational School for problem children of normal intelligence. This school has been amalgamated with the Abbey School, and transferred to larger premises at Grayshott, near Hindhead. The new school will be known as Rest Harrow Abbey. Methods unaltered. Safe area. 8 acres of grounds. Particulars from Principal: DR. I. B. SAXBY. Tel.: Hindhead 648.

"L'AVENIR," Villars-sur-Ollon, Switzerland, 4,100ft. Boys and girls, 2 to 18. The School will remain open until further notice, and will try to maintain its standards of international education.

SCHOOLS—continued

GIRLS' SCHOOL YEAR BOOK. Parents seeking Latest Information about Schools, Careers and Professions should consult the above. Just published, 7s. 6d. Booksellers or DEANE, 31 Museum St., London.

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A DEGREE is possible for YOU. Now that Candidates for a London Degree who at 23 or over may take the shorter Special Entrance Exam. instead of Matriculation, the way to a Degree is easier. 935 Wolsey Hall students have passed the London Special Entrance Examination.—Free Guide to London Univ. Degrees and particulars of Home Study Courses from DIRECTOR OF STUDIES, Dept. VH92, WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD.

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A residential college providing a year's professional training in preparation for the Cambridge University Certificate in Education. Students are eligible for grants. Admission in January and September. For particulars apply to the PRINCIPAL. The College is in a reception area and has ample A.R.P. accommodation.

THE BEDFORD PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, 37 Lansdowne Road, Bedford. Principal: MISS STANSFELD. Students are trained in this College to become teachers of gymnastics. The course of Training extends over 3 years and includes Educational and Medical Gymnastics, Massage, Dancing, Hockey, Lacrosse, Cricket, Tennis, Netball, etc. Fee £165 per annum. For prospectus apply SECRETARY. Two scholarships of £50 and two of £25 will be awarded annually in March for September. Application should be made before February 15th.

DARTINGTON HALL SCHOOL, Totnes, Devon. Teacher Training Department under Miss Margaret Isherwood, M.A., N.F.U. Preparation for Froeble Teacher's Certificate if desired.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT & WANTED

CARETAKER (no children) small flatlet house. Unfurnished flat free and 10s. a week. Ring CHAncery 8991 before 11.

MIDDLE-AGED POET, once famous theatrically, now happily poor, requires quixotic resident Secretary, skilled, decorative, low-voiced. Microscopical salary, many duties, but varied and interesting world. Beautiful old house, 12 acres, heart country. Box 6292.

EFFICIENT female radiographer seeks non-resident post. Fluent English, French, German. Typewriting. Box 6265.

INITIATIVE, alertness and all-round competence not being easy to come by in a Secretary, reader gladly recommends young woman with these qualifications, plus fluent French, writeable Spanish, first-class shorthand-typing. Interested music, literature, architecture and interior designing, clothes. Last job (5 years) gone for duration. Box 6298.

WOULD any cultured, broadminded, intellectual worker need the services of an adaptable, intelligent, well-educated woman as secretary-housekeeper? Well read, wide interests, good linguist, travelled. Extract ref. last employer, joining rel. for the duration: "The very best of company, a kind, pleasant, vital personality, a most efficient, methodical houseworker, clever, economical cook—able to run a home on oiled wheels." Real task in congenial milieu, not wages, essential. Box 6279.

GENTLEWOMAN (35), own business 8 years, requires post manageress, cook-housekeeper in hotel, club, canteen, etc. 6 Bentinck Street, W.1.

LADY (27) seeks remunerative occupation. Knowledge English industrial cities, interviewing all kinds people, French, run Guest House, driving. Unusual, adventurous work preferable. Box 6273.

POLISH Lady (Jewess) stranded in London, highly cultured, Polish, Russian, German, French, good English, experienced teacher and secretary, seeks situation. Box 6281.

CAN any organisation, association or M.P. offer post to young man (31), married, unemployed through war, with 14 years' experience of parliamentary and departmental procedure? Shorthand and typing. Box 6270.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates and all information on page 691

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By CYNICUS

TIMING THE NEW LOAN—WANTED—AN ECONOMIC GENERAL STAFF—INFLATION AND STEEL SHARES—ODEON THEATRES

So short of copy, I see, is the Military Correspondent of a certain daily newspaper that he is now writing about the coming war on the financial front. According to this expert the Higher Command is now completing its preparations for the great financial offensive of the winter season—the launching of the gigantic new Loan attack upon our national savings. He may be right. As neither of us has spies in the Treasury camp he knows as much about it as I do. Sir John Simon is just taking his borrowing powers in the new National Loans Bill, but to take powers, as he says, is not to exercise them, and he refuses to anticipate early action, although the floating debt has risen sharply to over £1,345 millions against £952 millions a year ago. Now the Chancellor has to be very careful not to issue a new loan before the volume of public savings is sufficient to absorb it. If the public does not subscribe for the whole loan, the unabsorbed portion will be taken up by the joint stock banks out of their money supply, and if their money supply is manufactured for the purpose it may mean the start of the war inflation which Sir John Simon is pledged to avoid at all costs. Let us look at it in another way. In theory an inflation of prices only comes when the Government and the public demand a greater output of goods than the economic machine can produce. When the economic machine is working to full capacity the Government can only acquire more goods without inflating prices if the public consumes less, and it can only pay for them without inflating prices if the proceeds of taxation and the savings (unspent purchasing power) of the public are equal to the amount of its purchases. There is, of course, the risk that as the Government is rapidly increasing its expenditure on war materials the newly created purchasing power in the hands of the public will be spent before it can be reabsorbed in loans. So there are some who advocate a tax on turnover or on retail sales, and others, like the stalwart editor of the *Financial News*, a tax on wages. There are also others, like Mr. Maynard Keynes, who advocate compulsory savings, meaning that a proportion (up to 10 per cent.) of all incomes should be paid into the Post Office Savings Bank to earn around 2½ per cent. It may be significant that Sir John Simon is proposing in the National Loans Bill to repeal the provision that the proceeds of National Savings Certificates must be applied to the redemption of debt. Clearly, he intends to appeal to the small investor as "forcibly" as he can.

* * *

This timing of the new Loan is perhaps the most delicate and difficult operation ever undertaken on the financial front. Would you not suppose that the Commander-in-Chief is having the details of this manœuvre worked out by an expert Economic General Staff? Well, you are wrong. He has not got a permanent Economic Staff at all. He is merely being advised by three part-time economic experts—Lord Stamp, Professor Clay and Mr. H. D. Henderson—who have no powers to carry any of their clever ideas into action.

I am sure that these gentlemen have a sound and enlightened economic policy which would bring us victory in a long-drawn-out war, but there are no signs that the Government has adopted it or has any economic policy of its own. Each department of State is left to pursue any economic policy it likes. Over the whole there seems to be an utter mindlessness—and Sir John Simon. Now if a National Investment Board had been established in peace-time we should have had in effect an Economic General Staff ready for war.

* * *

It is early to talk of inflation when the economic machine is not yet working to full capacity, but there are very few in the City who believe that Sir John Simon, with or without an Economic General Staff, will be able to avoid inflation ultimately—if the war goes on for three years. But there are also few investors who believe that buying ordinary shares is an adequate hedge against inflation. The Government is pledged to take the profit out of war—and the jam from the mouths of the ordinary shareholders. Of course, this war will bring big money to entrepreneurs and industrial executives in the shape of salaries and expenses—but not big dividends to the poor fool of an investor. The income taxation at 7*s.* 6*d.* in the £ has had some unpleasant effects already upon dividend distributions, and E.P.T. will be devastating for certain companies—particularly holding companies like Rhodesian Selection Trust which have to pay in effect double E.P.T. I propose to review briefly the industries in which the equity shareholder will be disappointed by this war. Let us start with steel.

* * *

If the old-fashioned principles of investment were applicable steel shares should have been a good hedge against inflation. The steel industry entered this war perfectly equipped to deal with wartime orders. In the last war its highest output was 9,717,000 tons in 1917: in 1937 it was nearly 13 million tons and it could now turn out over 14 million tons, assuming an efficient spread of work. Sir Andrew Duncan, the independent chairman of the British Iron and Steel Federation executive, was appointed Iron and Steel Controller on the outbreak of war and the industry hardly noticed the change in control, so smoothly was it done. But what happened to the equity shareholders? Steel prices have been advanced—over 20*s.* per ton for many products—but the whole of this increase is to be paid into a common fund to meet the higher cost of *imported* materials. There is no increase in price to offset the rise in domestic costs, although the A.R.P. expenses for shelters and the elaborate screening of the glare from furnaces run into millions of pounds. And what happens after the war? It is not a rich prospect. I would regard steel shares as dear which did not yield from 7 per cent. to 10 per cent. on dividends. These are the current yields on the two best "investment" shares in this industry:

	Prices		Last Earnings	Divs.	Gross Div.
	Pre-war	Present	%	%	Yield %
United Steel	23/–	22/7½	8.7	8.0	£6 19 0
Stewart & Lloyds def.	43/6	43/–	26.0	12.5	£5 16 3

These shares are not exactly dear, but they are fully priced. I am tempted to recommend only as a speculation Richard Thomas 4½ per cent. first mortgage debenture stock at 77½ to yield £5 16*s.* per cent., but even this is not exactly cheap.

* * *

I am glad that Mr. Oscar Deutsch was able to tell the shareholders of Odeon Theatres Ltd. that the negotiations for the acquisition of control of Gaumont-British had been suspended. Mr. Deutsch has built up an excellent circuit of theatres which can stand on their own legs. Their last profits exceeded the previous estimate and even to-day, in spite of the black-out, the theatre attendances are back to normal and in some areas increasing and beating peace time records. The exhibition of films is necessarily a speculative business, depending on the weather and the attractiveness of the programme, but Mr. Deutsch, I am sure, is a very able man and knows how to choose good pictures. High yields must be expected from cinema securities but Odeon Theatres debenture stock to yield 7¼ per cent., the preference shares to yield over 9½ per cent. and the ordinary to yield over 11¾ per cent. seem undervalued.

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HUSBAND ACCEPTS Peace Offer. Placated by a King Six Cigar, he withdraws his objections.

Company Meeting

ODEON THEATRES, LIMITED

MR. OSCAR DEUTSCH'S ADDRESS

THE Second Annual General Meeting of the company was held in London on November 7th. Mr. Oscar Deutsch (chairman) presiding first dealt with the balance sheet and continuing said (in part):—

Profits, including management fees, together with income from investments and transfer fees, amount to £513,380. After deducting fees to directors and the trustees for the debenture holders there is a surplus of £509,990, an increase of £141,811 as compared with the profit for the 54 weeks ended 25th June, 1938. I think you will share the views of your directors that these results are highly satisfactory. After providing for taxation, interest and the dividends on Preference shares, there remains £209,878. Out of this sum they recommend the payment of the same dividend as last year—namely, 10 per cent., less tax—which absorbs £56,874. We are, therefore, proposing to plough back into the business in one form or another approximately 73 per cent. of the year's available profit.

We have so far already succeeded in securing for exhibition during the present financial year:—

"Lambeth Walk," "Mikado," "Spy in Black," "Goodbye Mr. Chips," "Wuthering Heights," "Nurse Edith Cavell," "The Lion Has Wings," "Stage Coach," "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," "Q. Planes," "Love Affair," "Four Feathers."

The above list which in my opinion is unprecedented for its strength of box office pulling power, has also the important feature of being in an unbroken line. Had it not been for the war I am quite sure that our box-office takings would have increased considerably, and even as it is we have, since the completion of the accounts under review, maintained our turnover as compared with the previous year, apart, of course, from the period of compulsory closing.

The screen has come into its own as exercising a powerful influence on the public mind no less powerful than Press or radio. The Government has now recognised the power of the film industry in this particular respect by setting up what is perhaps the most important division of the Ministry of Information—the Films Division under the most able directorship of Sir Joseph Ball. The division has made a first-class start with Mr. Alexander Korda's film "The Lion Has Wings" and I took immediate steps to secure the booking for our circuit at the earliest possible date in order to give Odeon patrons the opportunity of seeing this tremendously important film at its most topical moment.

I am sure you would not ask me to make any forecast under the present conditions. I can tell you, however, with absolute conviction, based on a careful analysis of our business since the outbreak of war, that there is a widespread national demand for the type of entertainment which we provide, and, while the company naturally lost money during the period when the theatres were compulsorily closed, we are back to normal in most areas and, instead of there being any lessening of the normal demand there is, in fact, every indication of an increase. The business we are doing in some areas is truly remarkable, and, strange as it may seem, peacetime weekly record figures have been broken in the case of quite a number of theatres. One would naturally expect that black-out conditions would have been a great deterrent to cinema going, but the maintenance, or in some cases increase, of our turnover is direct evidence of the hold that the valuable service we supply to the public has upon them.

Earlier in the year, as appeared in the Press, there were discussions with the Gaumont-British interests, but in view of the altered international conditions it was decided not to proceed with these discussions.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

VAPEX DESTROYS COLDS SAFELY

Hot-beds for cold germs are nose and throat. Vapex—pleasant, powerful, penetrating, antiseptic—destroys by direct attack. A few drops on your handkerchief, deep-breathed into nose and throat get immediate results, clear head of stuffiness, liberate breathing passages. Hourly Vapex treatment eradicates germ colonies, stimulates whole respiratory system, shakes off cold quickly, safely, surely.

From your Chemist, 2/- & 3/-.

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SORE THROATS COLDS AND FEVERISH 'FLU are about!

Colds, coughs, sore throats, mild 'flu, and all sorts of feverish complaints are about. The thing to do is to STAMP THEM OUT NOW—WITH 'ASPRO.' You can do it if you act at once. At the first sign of a sore throat use 'ASPRO' as a gargle—the sore throat will be banished—the spread of the infection inhibited.

For a feverish cold or 'flu take two 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot lemon drink, and you will find the 'flu or cold disappear. 'ASPRO' claims are not mere assertions; they have been proved true by thousands of your fellow citizens. So do not be put off with make-believe — ask for 'ASPRO'—see that you get it—and then use it. Remember

'ASPRO' WILL STOP THEM

Read these letters:—

SMASHES COLDS IN ONE NIGHT

72a Townholm Crescent,
Dear Sir, Hanwell, W.7.

I am a lorry driver and I am out in all weathers and it does not take long to get a cold, but as soon as I feel a cold coming I drop back on a glass of hot lemon and three 'ASPRO' tablets and I find, by morning, I am my old self again.

Yours faithfully, G. KAY.

'ASPRO' BANISHES 'FLU

28 Lockwood Street,
Dear Sirs, Monkgate, York.

Just a few lines to let you know how thankful I am for your 'ASPRO'. I think they are marvellous tablets. I have been very ill with the 'flu for over a fortnight and was advised to try your famous 'ASPRO' with hot lemon juice, before going to bed, which I did and was thankful for the result. I was back at work two days after. I shall NOT BE WITHOUT THEM IN MY HOUSE. I shall always have them in my medicine chest.

Believe me, Yours truly,
(Sgd.) G. K. LEE.

STOPS SORE THROAT OVERNIGHT

Southgate, London, N.14

Dear Sirs,

I thought I would like you to know how your wonderful 'ASPROS' have helped me. The other week I had a sore throat and headache and felt terrible. I took two 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot lemon and also gargled with two and the next morning I felt as fit as a fiddle. I have tried other brands but none of them come up to 'ASPROS.'

Yours gratefully, MRS. G. M.

HOW TO USE 'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

For sore throat, tonsillitis, etc., put two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water and gargle with the mixture. The tablets break up into thousands of tiny particles which adhere to the lining of the throat, thus exerting the maximum antiseptic healing effect at the root of the trouble.

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